# The Colorado Quarterly

THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

SPECIAL REGIONAL ISSUE

Regional Science and the Development of the West
MORRIS GARNSEY

The Dinosaurs Go to Washington
CLAY P. MALICK

The Inauguration by Jane Sewall

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# The Colorado Quarterly

VOLUME V, NUMBER 1–SUMMER, 1956

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# Regional science and the development of the West

MORRIS GARNSEY

For many of us regional science despite its venerable origin is a new, indeed, a nascent science. The Regional Science Association, which boasts a mailing list of 225, was organized only two or three years ago, and its members have been recruited from a score of different occupations and professions. I trust that I will be forgiven, therefore, if I discuss my own concept of regional science in terms of my own intellectual experiences during the last twenty years, rather than attempt a general exposition of the partially formed hypotheses of a partially emergent science.

Soon after I came to the University of Colorado in 1937, I began to look about for an interesting and profitable area for research within the discipline of economics. I was not particularly interested in further research in the field of international monetary and exchange problems. Also, I felt then that effective access to data and to policy-making activities in this field was difficult, if not impossible, here in the Rocky Mountains.

From a more constructive point of view, I was curious about the economy of Colorado and the West, some aspects of which have seemed to me striking—to say the least. In addition, I accepted readily the thesis that the faculty of a state university has a first duty to study and understand the state whose people had created the university out of their respect for learning and whose citizens had enrolled their sons and daughters in its classes out of their respect for the material and cultural advantages of a higher education.

As I began to study Colorado's economy, it became apparent to me that the state was not a logical unit for the study of most economic and social phenomena. Many of its problems did not originate within its boundaries. In nearly every case, what appears to be the logical solution of a state problem at a state level usually turns out to be at best a partial solution when conceived

and executed solely by state agencies within the boundaries of the state.

What then is the logical unit for research and for the formulation and execution of development policies? My answer is the region. Even at first glance the regional approach to many problems has obvious advantages. Take, for example, the crucial problem of water. The rectangular boundaries of Colorado stretch across the watersheds of four great river basins—the Colorado, the Missouri, the Arkansas, and the Rio Grande; and down our middle lies the Continental Divide, creating all of the divergent characteristics of an East Slope and a West Slope. We do not have a water problem in Colorado. We have water problems—scores of them. How can we hope to solve our water problems by ourselves? Everybody from Los Angeles to St. Louis has a legitimate interest in the waters of one or more of Colorado's great rivers—to say nothing of our friends in Washington, D. C. In short, most of the problems which arise out of the development and utilization of the vast natural resources of Colorado are regional in character. They are regional in their physical aspects, in their economic aspects, in their political aspects, and even in their cultural aspects. It is apparent, therefore, that anyone who would study the problems of a state is soon led to a study of the problems of a region.

But what is a region? The state of Colorado is arbitrarily defined for us by its boundary lines, but no precise set of boundaries exists for "the West," the "Mountain West"—or for that matter for Palmer Hoyt's "Rocky Mountain Empire." Moreover, as I have gradually become familiar with the literature of regionalism it becomes increasingly apparent that no really satisfactory answer has ever been found to this simple and reasonable question. More recently, the search for an acceptable definition of the region and for ways to understand its analytical and practical significance has led to the development of a new concept of the region and to the outlines of the science of regional analysis.

What is this new concept? My personal interpretation of this new concept as it has emerged from the work of numerous students of regional phenomena during the last twenty years is what I first wish to discuss.

The evolution of the concept of the region as a tool of scientific

analysis and problem-solving may be divided into three stages: the naturalistic stage, the early scientific stage, and the present stage, which we may call the scientific stage, although fully aware that there is much room for improvement in the precision and clarity of the concept.

The origins of the use of the concept of the region are remote. Even primitive man must have observed that areal groupings of physical phenomena exist upon the surface of the earth. Mountains and plains, deserts and swamps, river valleys and highlands form patterns of like and unlike areas. These distinctive physical phenomena within a given area are accompanied by distinctive biological phenomena within the same area; and when human occupance takes place, distinctive social patterns gradually emerge, based upon man's adaptation to his environment.

This elementary view of the region may be described as two-dimensional in space and three-tiered in depth. Within a given area of space, determinable in length and width, there exists a group of homogeneous physical phenomena. Superimposed upon this first physical region of altitude, topography, soil, and climate, there is a second region which is a biological region of flora and fauna appropriate to the physical environment. Man shapes this combination of physical and biological phenomena to his ends as best he can. Given his technology and his culture, he adapts himself to his environment more or less effectively and manipulates the natural resources of the area to the extent of his abilities, thereby producing the third tier—a socio-cultural region with its own distinctive characteristics of economic activity and social behavior.

This simple and common-sense idea of the region has proved to be very useful. It forms the basis of regional geography as this science was developed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In its extreme form this idea of a natural region slightly modified by man gave rise to the theory of geographic determinism, now rejected. In more practical and wiser hands it produced the ecological concept of the desirability of human adaptation to the natural environment.

Such was the thinking of John Wesley Powell, who during the 1870's became the first to apply the concept of the natural region to the problems of the settlement of the Mountain West and the

Great Plains. Powell is one of the great figures in the history of the American West. In him intelligence and energy were combined with the nineteenth century enthusiasm for scientific investigation. He was a self-educated geologist and ethnologist—a college professor to whom the pull of research in the field was stronger than the quieter pleasures of the communication of ideas in the classroom. He was an excellent soldier in the Civil War and an admirable civil servant. He was one of our most distinguished explorers; but first and foremost Powell was a scientist.

Powell began his explorations of the West in 1868 and what he saw at intervals during the next ten years convinced him that the settlement of the plains and river valleys in the arid and subhumid lands west of the twenty-inch rainfall line could not be effective unless it were adapted to the varied physical conditions of the region. Accordingly, in 1878 he addressed to Congress his famous "Report on the Lands of the Arid Regions." In this "Report" Powell proposed drastic changes in the existing land settlement laws and customs. He suggested that agricultural land should be surveyed along lines of drainage basin topography and not on the gridiron plan of mile-square sections. He proposed land grants of 80 acres on irrigated land and 2,560 acres for pasture farms. He advocated a revision of the existing and developing water laws of the West by tying water rights to the land. Finally, he proposed enabling legislation to permit the settlers to organize cooperative irrigation districts and pasturage districts, for he recognized that most irrigation projects would involve systems of dams and ditches too complex and too expensive to be managed by a single individual.

"Arid Regions" was an official document containing draft legislation endorsed and approved by the Commissioner of the General Land Office and by the Secretary of the Interior. Nevertheless the proposals were rejected by Congress and attacked by the tradition-minded, by land speculators and promoters, by the large land companies, and even by the settlers themselves.

Another concept of man's adaptation to a natural region was developed for the West a quarter of a century after Powell by Elwood Mead, who became Professor of Irrigation Engineering at Colorado State College of Agriculture in 1884—the first such academic chair in the United States. Subsequently he was the

State Engineer for Wyoming, a professor at the University of California, and Commissioner of Reclamation. In 1903, he published an important study of Western resource problems under the title *Irrigation Institutions.*

Mead followed closely Powell's major idea that the land and climate of the West required a new set of economic, legal, and social institutions adapted to the regional environment. He also recognized that the land, water, and forest resources of the West were related parts of a unified whole. His emphasis upon the importance of social and cultural factors in regional development foreshadowed the second stage in the evolution of the regional concept. Writing at the turn of the century, he described the pressing need for a new policy of conservation to replace the wanton exploitation of the times.

Listen to Mead's own words, written in 1903, which echo still with logic and appropriateness:

There is every reason to believe that far-reaching changes in the irrigation systems of the West must occur in the near future. The present conditions cannot continue. The growing demand for water for irrigation purposes, the greater needs of cities and towns for domestic uses, the growing value of water in the generation of power, are rendering it more and more desirable that there should be some simple and final method of determining and protecting rights to streams.

Or again,

The future of the West will be largely influenced by measures taken to perpetuate the mountain forests. Only second in importance to the forests is the preservation of the scanty but nutritious grasses in the valleys. The importance of the grazing land as a factor in irrigation development ought not to be longer overlooked. Measures should be adopted which will unite the use of the grazing and irrigable lands and in this way help to extend the boundaries of the habitable area.

And finally,

The West needs, as never before, to study methods of social organization and to develop plans for cooperation. The need of watering many farms from a common source, and of organizing communities for the distribution of water under fixed rules and discipline, makes irrigation a nursery of cooperation.

Mead was, of course, an adherent of the Conservation Movement which was then nearing the peak of its influence under the leadership of Gifford Pinchot. Pinchot's major contribution to regional analysis is found in his concept of the interdependence and unity among varied resources. In his own words,

> "E Pluribus Unum" is the fundamental fact in our political affairs. "E Pluribus Unum" is and always must be the basis of dealing with the natural resources. Many problems fuse into one great policy, just as many states fuse into one great Union. When the use of all the natural resources for the general good is seen to be a common policy with a common purpose, the chance for the wise use of each of them becomes infinitely greater than it had ever been before.

While Mead and Pinchot were studying the resource problems of the West at first hand, another scholar was busy constructing a broad hypothesis to describe the importance of regions. In 1890 Fredrich Jackson Turner had published his famous essay, "The Significance of the Frontier in American Life." It is not possible to review here the voluminous literature which has grown up based on his hypothesis or to attempt to resolve the controversy among historians concerning the applicability or validity of the thesis. It is sufficient for purposes of a discussion of the regional approach to point out that Turner associated the frontier hypothesis with a corollary hypothesis—that of the influence of sections in American history. Turner seems to have attached significance to the concept of sections at least as early as his development of the frontier hypothesis. In the original essay he speaks of the New England, Middle region, and Southern sections of the thirteen colonies, and briefly describes the differences among them. In later writing he is more explicit in defining his concept of the section and relating it to the physical environment. In 1907 he wrote: "Geographical conditions and the stocks from which the people sprang are the most fundamental factors in shaping sectionalism. Of these the geographical influence is peculiarly important in forming a society like that of the United States, for it includes in its influence those factors of economic interests, as well as environmental conditions, that effect the psychology of a people."

In 1925 he expanded these ideas by saying that: "There is and

always has been a sectional geography in America based fundamentally upon geographic regions. There is a geography of political habit, a geography of opinion, of material interest, of racial stocks, of physical fitness, of social traits, of literature, of the distribution of men of ability, even of religious denominations."

Turner believed that the existence of the frontier had modified the sectional differences which originally existed in the thirteen colonies by creating new and dynamic centers of interest and of political and economic conflict along the successive frontiers, so that the frontier largely dominated American life as long as the country was still being settled. Holding this view he argued logically that once the frontier disappeared, the influence of the section would become more marked and that the United States would become, in effect, a federation of sections rather than a federation of states. He recognized the dangers of disunity inherent in sectional conflict, but he also expressed the belief that the common features of the country were strong enough to preserve its unity. He mentioned such factors as a common language, law, institutions, a congressional organization adapted to the compromise of sectional differences, and the existence of national political parties as constituting strong bonds of national unity.

But Turner was not dogmatic in these assertions, and he recognized that he had not written the definitive treatise on the significance of sections in American life. In 1926, he appealed to social scientists and to students in other fields to carry forward the scientific study of regions in the following words:

What is now needed is cooperation between the geographers who have come from geologic training to an interest in the regional aspect of human geography; the statisticians who have aimed to divide the nation into convenient sections for census data; the politicians, economists, and bankers who have tried to map the Federal Reserve districts: the railroad experts; business men in general; the historians; the students of literature and of society—to make a more adequate survey of what are actually the natural regions in human geography, as shown by human action. Across the provinces, as delimited by the geologists and the physiographers, flowed the migration of man from the seaboard sections, the later immigrants, the whole flood of social and industrial developments, changing the obvious influences of physiography—a glacial invasion of humanity, as it were, modifying but not obliterating the older landscape. We need a mapping by human geog-

raphers that shall take account of these factors, in politics, economics, society, literature—in all the social sciences. Until then, sectional delimitation can only be in the nature of a reconnaissance, needing refinement.

This appeal clearly foreshadows the ultimate emergence of an interdisciplinary regional science in the United States.

Fortunately, Turner did not have to wait long for an answer to his appeal. From 1925 to 1940 regional analysis and regional planning developed with great rapidity in the South. At the University of North Carolina, Howard W. Odum and Rupert Vance founded a new school of regional analysis which gained adherents rapidly. In the South a flood of regional studies of all sorts resulted, and a variety of regional programs were developed in many fields.

Interest in regional analysis also was greatly stimulated by the creation of the Tennessee Valley Authority, which grew so rapidly in effectiveness and influence that it is no exaggeration to characterize the TVA as one of the greatest social inventions of the twentieth century.

Throughout the 1930's the influence of the regional idea spread rapidly across the country. From 1934 to 1943 the National Resources Planning Board encouraged regional research and regional planning in every part of the United States. Its efforts were particularly effective in New England and in the Pacific Northwest. During its brief life the NRPB published a number of monographs on regional science and twelve studies of particular regions. Several of the latter dealt with regions of the West. One was a study of the Arkansas Valley.

This period represents the second stage in the evolution of the concept of the region. Scholarly effort was expended not only on systematic studies of various regions but also on attempts at scientific analysis. These included definitions of regions, efforts to determine the precise boundaries of regions, classifications of regional phenomena, and the construction of hierarchies and systems of sub-regions and of regions.

While important advances in regional analysis were realized at this time, the efforts of regional scholars to establish a broad scientific foundation for their studies were frustrated by their in-

ability to deal with the problem of heterogeneity. From the beginning, regions had been conceived of as a grouping of similar or homogeneous factors, but it was apparent that the complex phenomena found within any segment of the earth's surface inevitably included features which were heterogeneous and discordant, as well as yet other features which were not unique to the region in question but were common to all, or to many regions. How then could a region be identified as a distinctive entity? Do regions really exist after all?

In the face of such uneasy doubts many of the students of the period left the questions unanswered. Odum, however, tried to meet it head-on. In 1951 he wrote a paper on the *Promise of Regionalism* in which he attempted a definitive statement of the case for regional analysis. Regional science owes a great debt to Odum and I recommend a careful study of this essay to anyone seriously interested in the subject. Two themes dominate the essay—the development of adequate scientific methods and techniques for regional analysis and the applications of regional science to the service of humanity. Odum's concept of the usefulness of "regionalism," as he calls it, is sweeping, and I shall return to these ideas a little later on. His standards of methodology are rigorous and he is explicit about the difficulties which regional analysts have faced. His solution of the difficulty is, I believe, unsatisfactory. I quote Odum's final definition of the region as follows:

> The "region" in the United States, for purposes of scientific delineation and practical planning, is a major, composite, multiple-purpose, group-of-states societal division of the nation, delineated and characterized by the greatest possible degree of homogeneity, measured by the largest practical number of indices available for the largest practical number of purposes and agencies, and affording the least possible number of contradictions, conflicts, and overlappings. The outer bounds of the major region will always comprehend the total subregions or districts delineated for special purposes.

This solution of the problem of the nature of the region is not acceptable. It attempts to dispose of discrepancies and heterogeneities within the region by overwhelming them instead of dealing with them objectively. It does, however, carry the application of

the criterion of homogeneity to its logical conclusion; and in so doing suggests that the true solution to the problem of achieving a scientifically acceptable concept for the region lies in another direction.

I come, then, to the third concept of the region which represents the present stage in my personal views concerning the nature of regional science. Following recent thought among the geographers, I define a region as an areal grouping of *selected* physical, biological, and societal features. I exclude from my analysis or concern all features which may be present in a given segment of the earth's surface which I consider irrelevant. Thus approached, the region becomes an abstraction, a hypothetical entity designed for purposes of analysis, rather than a real or actual entity.

The scientific validity of the concept of the region as a group of selected features rests upon the principle of isolation. This is a familiar principle of scientific analysis frequently employed in order to reduce an otherwise incomprehensible problem to manageable dimensions. It permits the disentangling of the relevant from the irrelevant and the areal from the non-areal. It can be applied to regional analysis not only by selecting, or isolating, certain factors from all others, but also by isolating a given segment of the earth's surface from other segments. Thus, New England may be defined as a region by comparing the characteristics of selected features within the region with the comparable sets of features found in other regions. New England differs from the South in population characteristics, per capita income, labor-force composition, crops, and climate. In terms of these selected features New England is a region, and the South is a region. Either may be studied separately or both may be studied comparatively. Such isolation of New England for analysis is legitimate even though there are many common elements between the South and New England. It is valid, for example, to disregard the fact that tobacco is grown in Connecticut and North Carolina so that in this one respect these two states resemble each other more closely than either one resembles Maine.

The selection of factors as a basis for regional analysis permits much flexibility in determination of the regional entity. Selection makes it possible to define the Tennessee Valley as a region

bounded by the physical limits of the drainage basin when dealing with the physical flows of water within the basin, yet to modify the definition and alter the boundaries when dealing with the flow of electricity through TVA's far-flung power grid. A region of selected features is a versatile tool, adaptable to many uses.

But what are the criteria for selecting a particular group of features which are to be studied in isolation from the total phenomena of a segment of space? The answer is that selection is determined by the purpose of the analyst and by the way the analyst looks at the region or regions which interest him. The same segment of space, or region, may be looked at in many different ways depending upon the problem which the analyst is trying to solve. It may be a physical region when seen by a geographer, a biological region when seen by an ecologist, a resources-use region when looked at by an economist, a cultural region from the point of view of the social anthropologist; or it may be some combination of these or others.

I hasten to add that the process of selection cannot be dogmatic, arbitrary, or parochial. Even the region of selected features has many aspects. A resources region, for example, can be thought of as a group of selected features originating in the physical characteristics of its soils and minerals and rising through biological, technological, operational, and governmental levels to still higher levels of social organization, behavior patterns, and even moral preoccupations. These various series of phenomena have been called "sectors" of the region; and one phase of analysis consists of "slicing" the region into appropriate sectors.

A region as defined for analysis, therefore, will be divided into one or more sectors and will consist of one or more selected features.

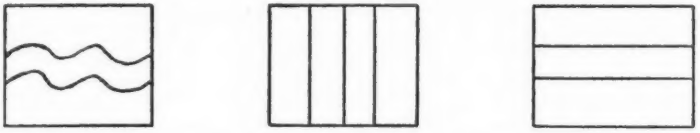
The process of making an appropriate and logical selection of features for a particular task of regional analysis is greatly facilitated by the use of the concept of linkages among features. Features which appear to be relevant are classified according to the manner in which they are associated or linked with each other. From one point of view the region may be conceived as a group of strongly-linked features—physical, biological, and social. Every feature of the total complex of the region is linked to every other to some extent, but only the strongly-linked ones need be selected

for regional analysis. Also, regions are distinguished from each other because many linkages are weak from one region to another, while at the same time other highly significant links strongly bind the separate regions to each other and integrate them with the larger whole.

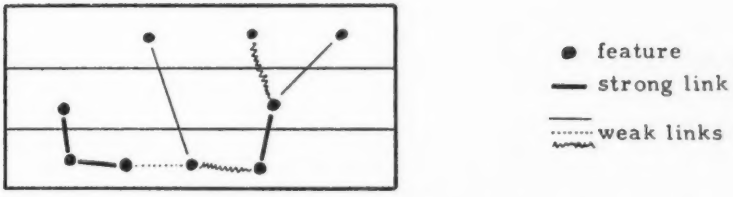
The linkage concept also may be used to further refine the analysis of a given region in terms of its own internal structure. Selection of the proper features makes it possible to distinguish the sub-region from the region. Thus a common aridity strongly links together a vast area of the United States west of the twenty-inch rainfall line when its resources-utilization problems are compared with problems of the humid East; but if the central problem should concern western water development projects within the West, seasonal differences in stream flow are likely to be more significant than the common factor of low annual rainfall. From this point of view aridity is a weak link which fails to unify significantly two different watersheds within the arid region.

In summary, the concept of the region and of regional science just discussed may be seen thus. The region is, first of all, simply a segment of space.

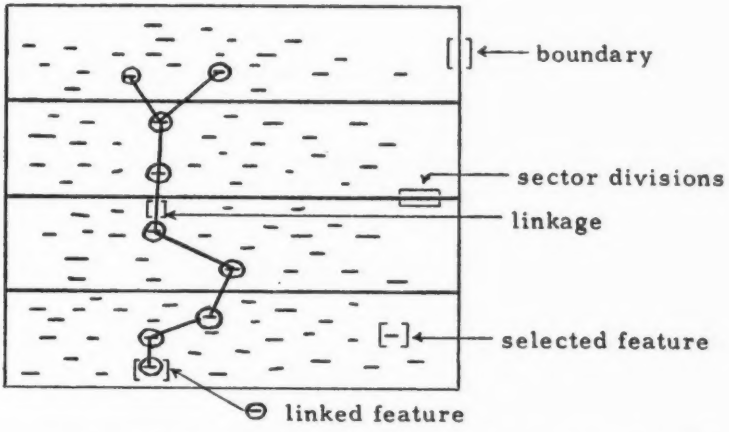
Given the purpose of the analyst, some order may be introduced into the multitude of complex phenomena which inhabit this segment of space by dividing it into sectors.



Within each sector, and among them, the analyst discerns linkages among individual features. These linkages range from strong to weak.




The region of selected features and limited sectors may look like this:




Such then is the current concept of the way to define a region. This view depends upon a particular scientific approach—one which is both valid and appropriate to the subject matter. It provides the student of regions with a useful scientific tool for the analysis of many regional phenomena.

How then can these methods and concepts of regional science be applied to particular regions, and specifically how can regional science and regional planning help to solve the problems of the West?

Regional science has reached its present stage of evolution because of the labors of men like Howard Odum, who brought to their scientific activities a high sense of social service and a vision

of a world subdivided into fully developed and equally developed regions. Is this vision justified? I believe that it is. I believe, first of all, that regional science is now ready to supply the conceptual framework and many of the operational techniques which are essential to effective regional development. Three-quarters of a century ago Powell saw that the men of the West should learn to work with nature rather than against her. A half-century ago Gifford Pinchot saw that there is an essential unity among the various physical resources of a region—that its water, soil, minerals, forests, and wild life are aspects of the single problem of achieving the best possible use of these resources. Today regional science points the way to the concept of the organic unity of the social behavior of man as he manipulates his environment and its resources. Regional science makes it clear that regional development cannot be dealt with as primarily a problem of applied natural sciences, nor of economics, nor of government, nor of cultural patterns. All of these and more are required.

Look for a moment at the basin of the Colorado River. Here is a great area in which water is a major resource, made even more important by the semi-arid climate of the region. How can this valuable resource be used to best advantage? It would take volumes to answer adequately this apparently simple question, but let us at least make a start. We begin with domestic consumption —perhaps the most important use. Domestic use requires storage reservoirs and pipelines and canals. It involves allocation of available supplies to many cities and towns all the way from Denver to Los Angeles. Allocation, including diversions outside the basin proper, involves interstate compacts, political manipulations, sectional rivalries, litigations, lawyers, judges, researchers, lobbyists, and public relation specialists.

But suppose that storage reservoirs are finally built. Such reservoirs can also be used to supply irrigation water and to control floods. Irrigation again requires allocation of water to competing users. It also sets in train a whole series of problems concerned with alternative techniques of irrigation and the cultivation of alternative kinds of crop—beets, alfalfa, cherry orchards, or pasture. Solutions of these problems require the services of the agronomist, the soil chemist, and the rural sociologist, among others.

Or again, reservoirs are affected by the sedimentation of the

streams whose waters they store. Sedimentation is a function of climate and stream flow, of erosion rates and types of soil. Before one gets through with these problems he is embarked upon a full-scale program of watershed management. The conservation of forests is recognized as vital to the protection of the watershed, and this involves fire control, pest control, sustained-yield cutting, and so on. Range management is required with manifold problems of leasing, overgrazing, re-seeding, private versus public ownership.

Or yet again, reservoirs impound water and thereby become a potential source of hydroelectric power. Cheaper and more abundant power brings many material blessings to the ranch, the home, and the businessman. It also brings opportunities for industrial development. Regional materials can be processed more effectively. Minerals can be mined and milled or smelted to better advantage. The availability of cheap power sets up new location patterns for industry and increases regional income and regional markets.

Or still once more, reservoirs create lakes, and lakes attract waterfowl and people with boats. People with boats want to fish and others want to swim, so that recreation on streams and lakes and in the forest areas of the watershed becomes increasingly important. Thus the development of one resource becomes a multi-purpose development, embracing not only many purposes but also many resources and many alternate uses of these resources. No matter if we start with water or some other resource, we are always led to broader fields where we must take a planned and orderly view.

Regional planning will become the social process which gives order and meaning to this almost incredible complexity of regional resources development. It does this by applying the processes and logic of regional science to the problem. Regional science provides the method for selecting the inter-related features of the region which are significant and relevant to the purposes at hand. It provides the theoretical framework upon which to erect the structure of regional planning.

Regional planning has four important functions. The first is to discover and to state explicitly the goals and objectives of the plan. These must be described both in terms of social ends, such as

larger per capita incomes, and in terms of specific requirements, such as acres irrigated and kilowatt hours generated. The second function is the analysis of the specific details of the problem at hand. What are the resources of the region? How well are they being utilized? What governmental and social factors are involved? This is where the ordinary methods of scientific analysis come into play; descriptive, historical, statistical, and operational techniques are utilized. The third function of regional planning is the creation of the program for achieving the accepted goals. What is to be built and when? Through what agencies? How will the projects be financed? What will be the costs, the benefits? All of these and scores of other considerations enter into the determination of the program. The fourth function is the actual implementation of the plan. Development commissions are organized, legislation adopted, contracts negotiated, concrete is poured, and while all this is going on the regional scientist is occupied with a continuing analysis and evaluation of the results and with the modification of the plan to meet unforeseen contingencies.

Such is the promise of regional science when we look to the future. But if we look to the experiences of the past and much of the present, there is not so much room for optimism. From the time of Powell it has been apparent that no matter what the physical characteristics of a region may be, the region is in fact a concept. It is what people think it is or imagine it to be. Powell saw the West through the eyes of science and scientific objectivity; but the Congress and the lobbyists in Washington saw the West through their own particular rose-colored glasses. They saw it as a simple extension of the Mississippi Valley—a land of small farms, divided symmetrically into sections a mile square, crisscrossed by county roads, green and smiling under an imaginary thirty inches of rainfall every year. The extremists among them, and the get-rich-quick promoters, constructed what Henry Nash Smith has aptly called "the myth of the garden"—a land of milk and honey, and of "rainbelts" where rain miraculously fell in the midst of the semi-desert.

It is a tragedy that the romantic attitude prevailed over the scientific view of Powell in his time. It is equally unfortunate that the non-scientific and non-regional view is still with us today.

Look for a moment at the recent debates in Congress over the Upper Colorado River Storage Project. Some eastern congressmen seem to have seen the Colorado River Valley not as a region with distinctive physical and climatic features which properly developed is of great potential value to the entire United States; instead they see some kind of a remote wilderness, inhabited by Indians and by a few ranchers and prospectors who propose to raid the Federal Treasury in order to build storage reservoirs and power facilities merely as a huge boondoggle. Even Senator Paul Douglas, an eminent economist in his own right, does not view regional resource development in the West in terms of the concepts of regional economics and regional science. Instead, he sees the West only with the myopia of an over-simplified version of the economic doctrines of Adam Smith.

Within the West the situation is hardly different. True, the regional movement in the Pacific Northwest in the 1930's was vigorous and effective, but the Northwest Regional Council failed to put down viable roots, and it disappeared when its grant from a New York foundation terminated. True, also, that Hoover Dam and Grand Coulee and the Colorado-Big Thompson were built during this period. But they were at first constructed under a narrow, piece-meal conception of resource development and without the benefits of an over-all regional, multiple-purpose plan. Lacking vision, the West also has failed to rally effectively behind a Missouri Valley Authority, despite energetic sponsorship. Instead the West has been all too often a complacent victim of sectional quarrels and of continuous raids on the material resources of the region by the timber robber, the cattle grazer, the claim jumper, and the despoiler of the Indian.

Today, these forces are still active and vigorous. Their lobbyists are spending money freely in state capitals and in Washington. Their influence has made the Report of the Task Force on Water and Power of the Second Hoover Commission a propaganda document rather than a serious contribution to the study of a major problem. They block the regulation of conservation of oil and gas resources. They expropriate power sites on public streams in the name of the "partnership principle." Their point of view pervades the present-day policies of the Department of the Interior. In the face of this determined assault the Conservation

Movement, born a half-century ago, has lost popular appeal and has dwindled into virtual impotence, while its adherents are forced to fight a purely defensive, rear-guard action. The West, divided against itself, is beset by enemies from without and within.

What then, of the future? As our population grows and as our requirements for natural resources spiral upward, is the West doomed to become a region of worked-over mine dumps, denuded forests, and eroded plains? I do not believe so, even in the face of the discouraging evidence to the contrary which has confronted us year by year from the time of Powell right up to the time of Bernard DeVoto. I find hope for rational regional development in the ever-growing technical competence and scientific ability of nearly every resource agency of the federal government and many state governments, where at most technical and policy levels the multiple-purpose concept is now generally accepted. In addition, these agencies frequently have found private owners of ranch and timber land willing to cooperate fully in conservation practices.

I find hope also in the great private foundations which can act decisively on their own initiative while government hesitates and compromises. Here Resources for the Future, Inc., an affiliate of the Ford Foundation, promises to play a significant role in the stimulation of research in all kinds of resources problems, including regional science, under the leadership of a scientist who knows the West—our own Rueben Gustavson. Should the Ford Foundation decide to follow up this promising beginning it could do for regional science and resources development what the Rockefeller Foundation has done for medicine, health, and related human resources.

I see hope, too, in the recent creation of the Western Interstate Compact for Higher Education. It is true that this compact is the work of a few men, who have succeeded in persuading the legislatures of ten of the western states to adopt the compact by legislative act, in the face of widespread ignorance and indifference. It is true, also, that the Compact is operating in an early and experimental stage. But it does exist. These western states are committed officially to the principle of regional cooperation in matters of higher education. Here is a real opportunity to develop and foster among the universities and colleges of the West a sense of regional solidarity. Here is a chance to get people to look at west-

ern problems as regional problems—to be attacked and solved by western regional policy.

Finally, I see hope for the rational development of the potentially great resources of the West in the western colleges and universities. Government agencies and private industry have much to contribute to regional research in the West; but such research activity is likely to be related closely to specific ends or to specific policies. It is to the universities that we must look for free, basic research in the social sciences such as regional science. The ivory tower stands above the battle, and its inhabitants can take the long view. They can examine and evaluate policies and conflicting methods of regional development. The Mountain West is growing in population and wealth and eventually will be able and willing to support its universities and colleges adequately. Then more and better research will be carried on in various areas of regional science. With the growth of regional science here and elsewhere, a wider understanding of the usefulness of the regional concept should develop among the people of the West.

Can we hope that these things will be so? I ask this question just as every social scientist must ask it whenever he looks to the future of our society. My answer is inspired by the closing paragraphs of the *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* written by the great economist, John Maynard Keynes.

The practical measures which must be taken to implement a social program are difficult to envisage, Keynes says. No matter what measures are chosen for drawing up and executing programs of research and planning, obstacles and opposition will arise. But "the ideas of economists and of political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood . . . the power of vested interests is vastly exaggerated compared with the gradual encroachment of ideas." To this I need only add that the concept of the region is, more than anything else, an idea.

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150 professional geographers. The idea of a region of selected features is advanced here. Powell's original *Report on Lands of the Arid Region of the United States,* Second Edition (U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 1879), still makes interesting reading. His career is described effectively in what is probably the definitive work on the subject, Wallace Stegner's *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian* (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1954). Elwood Mead wrote his study of economic and social problems of the West while he was a visiting professor at Harvard. The title is *Irrigation Institutions* (Macmillan Co., 1903 and reprinted in 1907 and 1909). The quotations are from the 1909 printing. The quotations from Turner are taken from his essays, "The Significance of the Section in American History," "Geographical Influence in American Political History," and "Is Sectionalism in America Dying Away?" These are reprinted in *Sections in American History* (Henry Holt and Co., 1932). The romantic view of the West in the nineteenth century is effectively described by Henry Nash Smith in *Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol And Myth* (Harvard, 1950). Gifford Pinchot's own explanation of the crystallization in his mind of the concept of unified resource development while riding in Rock Creek Park in 1907 is reported vividly in his autobiography, *Breaking New Ground* (Harcourt Brace, 1941). Odum's work is voluminous. It begins with *Southern Regions* (University of North Carolina Press, 1936) followed by *American Regionalism* written with Harry E. Moore (Henry Holt, 1938) and continues through "The Promise of Regionalism," which appeared in 1951 in *Regionalism in America* edited by Merrill Jensen (University of Wisconsin Press, 1951). Rupert B. Vance antedates Odum in *Human Geography of the South, A Study in Regional Resources and Human Adequacy* (The University of North Carolina Press, 1932) and follows him in the recent symposium on *The Urban South,* edited by Vance and Demeroth (University of North Carolina Press, 1954). The application of regional science through regional planning became widely significant in the United States under the influence of the National Resources Planning Board and its predecessor agencies. Concepts and principles were set forth most effectively in *Regional Factors in National Planning,* published by the National Resources Committee (Washington, 1935). This monograph was prepared by a sub-committee headed by John M. Gaus after wide consultation among many students of regions. A more recent work of much value is *The Case for Regional Planning with Special Reference to New England,* prepared by the Directive Committee on Regional Planning at Yale University (Yale University Press, 1947). The recent emergence of regional science owes much to Walter Isaard who has published numerous articles on various phases of the subject. Two of his essays on the nature of regional science appear in the *Proceedings of the Regional Science Association* for 1954 and 1955. My own thinking on the subject has been published previously in "The Dimensions of Regional Science," in the *Proceedings of the Regional Science Association,* 1955, and in *America's New Frontier, The Mountain West* (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1950).

## THE SCHOLAR

By Joseph Joel Keith

Carrying a lantern, frequently the old man went by night
far from the farmhouse, past the herd's enclosure,
over the pasture, the lantern guarding him from hole, from
boulder.
Then he stood at the edge of the quarry, searched the sky's
immensity for something day had never shown him.
Darkly, he went home, to sleep, or not to sleep, to go
another night.
Then, finally, just as he reached the jagged edge,
as he was about to find the never found beyond the stars there,
the wick burnt out, and he went down, and cracked his shoulder.
He never used that fool light anymore.
"Damn it!" he said.
"To hell with blow-hards' knowledge, I've learned enough now."

Nothing was quite so good as going up the stairs, up while
twilight's
last beam of light still made the journey safe.
"Can't know it all," he chuckled, going nightward.
He raised his blind, he got in bed, he saw the stars framed
in his open window, a miniature of what he found there
over the craggy field. As earth was an opening book
through his scores of seasons, his green, his ripened lore, open and
closed, he then knew one thing more:
that what was above the earth was his for keeping
only for the moment's growing. "My brothers have inched
through darkness,"
he said. "I'll take it slower."
He closed his eyes to heaven;
then he slept warmly, being wiser and older.

# The dinosaurs go to Washington

CLAY P. MALICK

The fight before Congress over the Echo Park Dam in Dinosaur National Monument during 1954 and 1955 could, of course, be expected to strike sparks. What people do not realize is that those sparks have ignited a significant new twist to democratic politics in this country. The fight has gone down in the prosaic records of Congress as the Upper Colorado River Storage Project—and this is an interesting story in itself, but, more than that, it might well go down in history as one of the recently recurring turning points in representative government. Neither the congressmen nor the the participants are yet aware of this. The extraordinary does not often happen in Congress, but I believe it did this time. There are two stories here and both need telling.

In most congressional hearings several points of view are generally represented. A unique feature of the hearings on the Upper Colorado Project was the presence of two powerful groups representing two facets of the public interest. There were those who had a genuine interest in developing the water resources so vital to the western states and another group dedicated to preserving the primeval wilderness. These were the chief advocates.

The former supported the plan of the Bureau of Reclamation to build dams on the Green and Yampa Rivers in and near the Dinosaur National Monument to control the flow of the Colorado River under the Interstate Compact of 1922. The Bureau plan was supported, quite naturally, by all congressmen from beneficiary states except California and by citizens from specific areas like Vernal and Jensen, Utah, which would be in a position to promote a whopping tourist business, and by water-hungry Indians living near Shiprock, New Mexico. Utah was well organized and presented a solid front at the hearings. In fact, the Utah front was so solid in the first hearing that congressmen from other basin states complained that nobody else could get into the room.

On what came to be known, unfortunately, as the "nature lovers" side were a few individuals and most of the national con-

servation groups united in a common purpose: to prevent the first invasion of national parks and monuments. Echo Park Dam, one of the first to be constructed under the Bureau plan, became the symbol of their fight. Since there are nearly three hundred such organizations, many of them well-heeled and claiming memberships in the tens and hundreds of thousands, they made a formidable array of talent and power. It took some Committee members some little while to catch on to this point. When they did, the "nature lover" angle tended to disappear from the discussion.

In addition to the main antagonists, there were two less pronounced points of view: the Californians, who stood to gain more water if the Colorado River is uncontrolled than controlled; and the Congressmen from the eastern states who cannot get excited about spending the taxpayers' money on high-cost irrigation projects two thousand miles from their constituencies. This latter point of view was represented more by silent but determined Congressmen than by any articulate pressure group.

This, then, was the battle array during four sets of hearings.

An interesting angle to these hearings lay in the fact that both sides favored water development as such. The Reclamation Bureau supporters were for it, believing that the Echo Park Dam within the Monument was a key unit in the project after alternative locations had been studied and rejected by the Bureau. The conservation groups favored the total project only on condition that Echo Park be eliminated. Nobody worried about disturbing the resting place of dinosaurs except the western congressmen who set it up as a straw man which the conservation groups knocked down time and again. Everybody knew that, in spite of the vastness of the Echo Park project, the newly created lake would not come near the dinosaur fossils way off to the east. Anyway the fossils had already gone to Washington and other museums. In short, both sides made good claims to representing the long-range interest of the public: the Bureau supporters, because the project would irrigate more acres of arid land and supply more power for industrial development; the conservationists, because the invasion of national parks had become a principle with them, and one violation like this, they argued, would lead to another.

The conservation groups were successful in dividing the Committees on Interior and Insular Affairs of the House and Senate

in the 1954 session of Congress, and bills had to be reintroduced and heard again by House and Senate committees in 1955. If, in this dispute before the committees, it is possible to select typical points of view, they were represented by two speakers who were not directly connected with the organizations.

Mr. Stephen J. Bradley, of Boulder and Winter Park, Colorado, presented the position of the wilderness groups with eloquence and dignity. He spoke, however, only for himself. He had become interested, he said, in the Dinosaur issue through reading an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* written by Bernard DeVoto. This led to a series of visits to the Dinosaur Monument because, in his own words, "the invasion of any national park . . . seemed to me to be a most serious scheme. . . . Yet, from what I had seen, I honestly wondered whether Dinosaur was really of sufficient value to warrant its being a part of our national park system." His view of the monument up to this point had been either from a distance or from pictures in the museum in Vernal, Utah.

He was persuaded by Bus Hatch, the guide from Utah who had been through the Yampa Canyon hundreds of times, to take the trip. Bradley told the Committees:

> Once inside the Yampa Canyon I suddenly realized that we were in a scenic area, the like of which for sheer dramatic beauty—of color, form, movement and sound—I had never experienced anywhere. And I have visited one-third of our national parks. . . . We sat back and for nearly 100 miles let the river do the work for us. At first I had the feeling that what we were seeing was just a magnificent but brief part of the monument. But as we drifted down the Yampa, the scenery, instead of diminishing in beauty, continued to be more impressive with each mile. The lower 30 miles of the Yampa Canyon is unquestionably a masterpiece beyond description or price.

Mr. Bradley then gave the Committees his analysis of the worth of the monument from many points of view, including its value if this wilderness area should be covered by a lake. "We will never find another Yampa Canyon, once it too has become another water tank."

The proponents of the Echo Park Dam tried to leave the impression throughout the hearings that it was *the* key to the entire billion dollar project, without which the entire proposal would

fail. The conservation groups were unimpressed with this argument, for they knew that there were alternative locations. Governor Johnson of Colorado mentioned that there were more than two hundred dam sites, but obviously only a few comparable to Echo Park.

Mr. Bradley remarked, "I have been most concerned with this almost frantic insistence that Echo Park Dam be among the first of this titanic project to be installed. . . . As one who loves our parks and who is now being called upon to scuttle one of them, and a prize one at that, I am not satisfied that any argument yet presented justifies putting a 'rush delivery' on this one dam."

G. E. Untermann, director of the Utah Field House of Natural History in Vernal, Utah, was one of many who presented the point of view of the Bureau and of Utahans favoring a dam at Echo Park. What a dam here would do for south central Utah is obvious to anyone who cares to look at a map.

Mr. Untermann had been a park ranger, stationed for years at Dinosaur. Echo Park was just a mess of rocks to him—something that should be covered with a big lake. Throughout his appearance before the Committees, Mr. Untermann demonstrated that sense of humor school boys will call "corny." It was the kind of humor that went over big before the Committees, however, most of whose members were from the western states, and who, therefore, were all in favor of the dam. Among other points, Mr. Untermann insisted on scotching the argument (which had not been raised) that the dinosaur remains would be disturbed.

His statement assured congressmen that "the dinosaurs are definitely dead, and inasmuch as they are buried in what is Dinosaur National Monument 140 million years ago, have had a decent period of mourning."

Untermann, it seems, did not like crusaders, remarking that "these people (the Conservationists) are natural-born crusaders who are always ready to 'save' anything . . . having gone off half-cocked with respect to the dinosaurs which they found snug and comfy where they are, they proceeded to come to the valiant defense of western outlaws whom they felt were in danger of historical 'liquidation.' "

His testimony reached its climax when he told the Committees about his interview with a conservation group, the Sierra Club,

which had come to Vernal "to enjoy the thrill and excitement of the river run." But this was not their real purpose, according to Untermann. One member of the Club "spilled the beans" when he stepped forward and said, "We represent the Sierra Club of California and we have come to Vernal to save (the monument) for you people so they won't build those dams in there."

"Well," Untermann replied, "That's certainly very nice of you, and I'm sure you are prompted by the best motives, but did it ever occur to you that we might not want to be saved? And it so happens, we don't. We want to be dammed." Some of the more articulate members of the Committees praised Untermann for his keen and brilliant analysis.

In the hearings before the Committees in 1955, what might be called the technical aspects of the problem were presented by W. A. Dexheimer, Commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation. Mr. Dexheimer pointed out that the Colorado River Compact of 1922 apportioned the waters of the Colorado River equally between the upper and lower basin states. On an average over the years the total flow amounted to fifteen million acre feet. The upper basin was to have 7.5 million acre feet per annum of consumptive use, but could only use two million acre feet under current arrangements. The Compact imposed an obligation not to deplete the flow at Lees Ferry, the point between the upper and lower basins, below 7.5 million acre feet per year in any period of ten consecutive years. With the uneven flow of the Colorado River, substantial water developments within these limitations in the upper basin are impossible without regulation of the river.

After twenty years' study the Bureau of Reclamation issued a report in 1946 covering more than 100 irrigation and power projects in the upper basin. This report, according to Mr. Dexheimer, served as a guide for planning and new compact negotiations. In 1948 the Upper Colorado River Compact was signed. It apportioned among the states of the upper basin the use of water allotted to them as a group by the 1922 Compact. The 1948 Compact covers many phases of interestate and intrastate river development and makes possible specific plans for further use of the Colorado River in the upper basin. With this as a foundation the Bureau of

Reclamation issued its 1950 report which was submitted by the Secretary of the Interior to the President late in 1952.

It is this report of the Bureau of Reclamation that was translated into the bills which the committees of Congress were considering during 1954 and 1955. Both the plan and the legislation attempt to allocate their portion of upper Colorado river water among the upper basin states—Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico. Since this has not been done effectively in spite of two interstate compacts on the subject and since only a portion of the river allotments are being used by these states, the Bureau plan submitted to the President in 1952 is designed to fill the gap.

The plan authorized construction of two storage reservoirs at Echo Park and Glen Canyon, in northeastern Arizona, with total capacity of 32.5 million acre feet. Aside from regulating the flow of the river, these units would generate power needed by upper basin states and provide sediment control for the lower basin. Construction of eleven participating projects would constitute a material advance in the development of upper basin water resources. They would bring 132,360 acres of land into agricultural production and provide supplemental water to 233,930 acres of land now irrigated with an inadequate water supply. They would also supply industrial and municipal water and hydroelectric energy.

The plan provided eventually for seven large regulatory reservoirs located at strategic points of control. At each of the seven storage sites a power plant was to be constructed for the generation of hydroelectric energy. Optimum production of power at Glen Canyon and Echo Park units was to be assured by construction of interconnecting transmission lines. Construction of only these two units was presented to Congress in this legislation.

The conservation groups challenged the plans of the Reclamation Bureau not merely from idealistic motives but also on technical engineering grounds. At the hearings in both the House and the Senate were such people as General U. S. Grant III of the American Planning and Civic Association; J. W. Penfold, western representative of the Izaak Walton League; Fred W. Packard, of the National Parks Association and the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs; Kenneth D. Morrison, of the National Audubon Societies; C. R. Gutermuth, of the Wildlife Management In-

stitute; Richard W. Westwood, of the American Nature Association, and many others of the nearly three hundred conservation groups.

The complete list of organizations represented is impossible to tabulate because some representatives spoke for many large groups, and others represented a general over-all committee of still other organizations that came together to fight the Echo Park project. These men represented millions of conservation-conscious citizens, and the surprising thing was the manner in which they were dismissed by many congressmen as "nature lovers" and "uninformed" and "rabid"—particularly in the early sessions in 1954. Some of the Committee members were obviously unaware of the extent and power of these citizen groups; only Congressman Saylor, a member of the House Committee from Pennsylvania, seemed to sense their significance from the beginning—possibly because it was to his interest to do so. The other members, however, learned the error in their points of view before the 1955 series of hearings had begun.

That the Upper Colorado River project was defeated in both of these sessions of Congress was not due to the strength of these organizations alone. The California representation in Congress was large and its representatives almost to a man were actively opposed to the whole project. Furthermore, the eastern states find it difficult to support a program in the west which will irrigate relatively unproductive acres at high cost, and they are sufficiently tax-conscious to frown upon a project so far from home that will cost a billion dollars with the prospect of a final cost two or three times that amount. It is significant, however, that the opposition against Echo Park was so strong as to become the symbol for defeat of the project in both sessions of Congress. By the end of the 1955 session congressmen knew that Echo Park had become the heart of the political problem, and that no bill would get through both houses unless the conservation groups could be appeased. The measure of effectiveness of these conservation groups was the leaflet which was circulated among Republican congressmen when they caucused on the Colorado project in the final days of the 1955 session. The leaflet was signed by Colorado Representatives William S. Hill, J. Edgar Chenoweth, and three other congressmen. The pamphlet gave five reasons why President

Eisenhower was urging passage of the bill. At the end of the statement the following promise was made as an inducement to Republicans to vote for the measure: "You have our assurance that Echo Park Dam is not now in the bill, nor will it be inserted in conference." Bills were to be introduced again in 1956 with Echo Park omitted.

At the beginning of this article I mentioned that these hearings have an interest apart from the issue of the upper Colorado. Since 1945 there have been four major occasions when the American people have spoken on issues of national importance through a kind of citizen group new to American politics.

The American pattern of government through the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries has been largely one of representative democracy, with emphasis laid upon the ability of the voters to select competent representatives who should carry the ball entirely from election day on. According to conservative thought during the last century and a half, the quality of democracy was to be judged only by the quality of the representatives it selected. Close cooperation between the representatives so chosen and powerful civic groups was no part of our democratic theory or practice. The political intelligence of the "masses" had always been looked upon as several degrees lower than that of the elected representatives, not quite competent to discern matters of state. Hence the voice of America has been the voice of the politicians.

To me, at any rate, it comes as a shock that up to 1945 there was no means by which the people could impress its will on the oligarchy we elect to run affairs of state. It has always been assumed that the procedures of representative government set up a century and a half ago were the last word. These assigned to the people the job of selecting representatives at stated times. At other times the people lay dormant, so to say, while day to day operations of government were handled by "government" people. Thus, even though we have not been conscious of it, a chasm yawned between government and people, which came to be bridged to some extent by the political party and then by lobbies or special interest groups. The emergence of the latter indicated the inadequacy in the early theory of representation. How inadequate that form of

representation was can be measured by the rise of theories, together with attempts to implement them, of functional representation. What might be called the practical, American way seems to be the new public interest group or citizen lobby.

The reason why 1945 plays so large a part in the development I am describing is that it was in that year for the first time that citizen groups in large numbers, representing just about the total articulate population (and millions who were not articulate), appeared before a Senate Committee to express opinions on a vital matter.

The occasion was the hearings held by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, under the chairmanship of Tom Connally, to sound out opinion on the U.N. Charter which had just been drafted at San Francisco. Between 1940 and 1945 the better part of 500 organizations had grown up in this country to promote the study of foreign policy and the organization of peace. The emergence of organized opinion on so vast a scale during the war years had compelled the Senate Committee to give these organizations a hearing. This had never occurred before because issues of peace and foreign policy had hitherto been the private preserve of this committee and the State Department, with occasional "help" from lobbies interested in tariffs and foreign trade.

At the Committee hearings in August, 1945, more than eighty organized groups testified while others sent in statements for the record. It became obvious that the vast majority of Americans were prepared to come out of their isolationist chrysalis and favored the new departure of international cooperation; it became more than obvious also that these opinions had been arrived at after careful study and that opinion was organized in groups which had, during the preceding four years, changed from study groups to citizen lobbies of a quite permanent nature.

When the Senate cast its overwhelming vote to join the United Nations, it did not do so in a vacuum. It did so within the limits of the most elaborate network of communications between Congress and the public ever known up to 1945. To have voted in any other way would have gone in the face of organized opinion, for the Connally Committee had listened to the representatives of such groups as the American Association of University Women, the League of Women Voters, the American Association for the

United Nations, the National Education Association, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Women's Action Committee, the American Farm Bureau Federation, the American Legion, the labor unions, and many other groups—all of them in favor of joining the U.N.

I think that no more significant statement has ever been made before a congressional committee than that by Mrs. Thomasina W. Johnsen, who represented the Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority before the Connally Committee on this occasion. She said,

> Our organization maintains and supports the National Nonpartisan Committee on Public Affairs for the sole purpose of presenting our collective opinion and that of our communities on legislation, administration of public agencies, and public affairs of all kinds. . . . Our membership [6,000 at that time] is significant because most of the women might well be considered leaders; they are all college, university or above in training. . . . Some of the most highly educated women in America belong to this organization. . . . Our membership is composed also of a group of women who by training, background and experience are prepared to add their thinking to that of all other intelligent leadership in the country in efforts for the judicious solution of the many and difficult problems that face us now; for in a democracy we work for and with each other.

This statement is important precisely because it strikes at the heart of the issue of the new citizen groups: the organizing of intelligent, articulate, college-bred citizens into groups that will promote sound policies of international and domestic statesmanship.

Up to 1945 intermediate groups between the government and the undifferentiated American public had been lacking. If we contrast the hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1945 with that in July, 1919, when the League of Nations was up for consideration, we can see the difference. On that earlier occasion when Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Sr., was chairman, not a single spokesman appeared before the Committee representing the wishes of the American people. There was no organized opinion because there were no organizations. I am convinced there were no organizations because there was not among the American people sufficient college-trained, articulate leadership on which group organization could be based. Nor was the novelty of our

position in world affairs and World War I in particular sufficiently explicit to lead people to organize. All the special interests in the old sense appeared before Senator Lodge's Committee. The spokesmen for the Lithuanians, the Latvians, Negro groups speaking for the Cameroons and Nigeria, special pleaders for special clauses in the Treaty—these were present and were listened to. The largest amount of time was given to the Irish delegation, no doubt because the American Irish (so their spokesmen said) were opposed to the League; most of the Senate Committee also were opposed to the League and complimented the Irish on their vivid presentation. When the vote was taken in the Senate, it was done with no direct knowledge of how the American people stood on the issue. It was representation in the old sense of a divorce between government and people. No doubt the Senate vote coincided roughly with the sentiments of the American people, but the point is that there was no way of knowing this at the time. In 1928 when the Kellogg-Briand Pact for outlawing war came before the Senate, only an executive session of the Foreign Affairs Committee was held. No American aside from Secretary of State Kellogg appeared.

At the time the Upper Colorado River Project was being considered, during 1954 and 1955, a subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee once again took the issue of amendments to the U.N. Charter to the people. This again was a device of the Senators to sound out the depth of public opinion on the U.N. after ten years experience with it. The subcommittee visited ten cities outside Washington during 1954 and 1955. What they found out was that the American people have not lost faith in the intervening decade but rather have developed a grasp of detail in international know-how which, I am sure, the Senators were not aware of when they set out from Washington. Instead of eighty organizations prepared to testify as in 1945, the subcommittee was besieged with testimony from the representatives of nearly two hundred organizations. The old groups were all represented, some of them many times over, and new groups had been added. The technical grasp of international problems presented to the subcommittee by organized citizens was worthy of State Department experts and there was no lack of intelligent idealism.

The above paragraphs dealing, for the most part, with foreign

policy are not a digression from the broader issues of the Upper Colorado River Project. A narrow point or issue can be understood much better in a broader context. The failure to erect a dam in Echo Park is due to the objections raised by the conservation organizations. And the success of the latter is part of the story of the new representation before Congress by citizen lobbies. We have been so concerned with special interest groups for so long that we cannot see the fundamental change taking place before our eyes. The special interest groups like the veterans organizations and the Tariff League had only their power to work on. They could throw quick punches at congressmen because there was no organized defense. Their power consisted in organized numbers, personality and prestige, because the moral forces that might be opposed to them were dormant, non-existent, and disorganized. The congressman was overwhelmed. From now on he is going to be overwhelmed by a new force—the intelligent citizen organized to fight for the long-range interest of the nation.

The number of enlightened projects which these groups have on their permanent lists of agenda would surprise our congressmen, but they will be finding out about them before long. To date the record of these groups stands at two victories for the conservation groups and two for the foreign affairs organizations. No losses. So far these citizen groups have done no more than flex their immature wings on two outstanding issues. The organizations are now studying other problems. One of these days they will be heard from. If they pool their efforts, as the conservation groups did, and if they should make a practice of this kind of pressure on Congress, a new adventure in politics will have begun, a new form of representation will have been invented. If this happens, a new criterion for judging a democracy will have to be recognized: that is, how successfully a people can organize to work directly with its legislatures for the general welfare.

# Three poems

DOUGLAS NICHOLS

## RAPALLO

A pause in my Italian journey. I see
A girl not twenty-two in a simple dress,
No slip, pass by me walking towards the quay.
I look to see if she looks back and guess

That in a flick she did. I think of Joyce
And the golden flick of a wrist in *Araby*.
I turn to a wayside bench and view the choice
Curve of the bay, keeping the wind at sea.

She walks the breakwater until she is just a speck.
My eyes shift to the hills beyond the bay.
I remember Yeats lived there—but chiefly the wreck
One woman almost made of the most gay

And virile Irishman since Swift. She turns,
Heads back, and pauses to exchange some sweet
Remark to a fisherman. My heart yearns
For even a foreign phrase with her. We meet

In a glance. But she moves townward, lost in a maze
Of seaside rovers. I knew a girl before
With short black hair and olive skin. She dazed
Me like the sun and left me the cold shore.

## THE POWER OF MUSIC

Listening to Mozart by the sea, you hear
How even this most elegant of men
Stands up to the sea, how waves can never rend
His rhythms' sure integrity. Your fear

Of a great human loss of will is less,
Because of him, than when you read of past
Dynasties of creatures lost in the vast
Transplanting surge of nature. Thus the best

Become extinct. Under Silurian skies
The fish develop jaws. They learn to breathe
Devonian air. But dinosaurs must heave
In hot Cretaceous atmosphere and die.

And man, will he succumb to nature's change,
Meager in build but large and proud of brain?
Doubtless he will, yet music sounds the strain
Of something more than natural. It is the strange

Durable rhythm of spirit. We place an age
In Mozart—satin breeches, minuets;
But hear how from his time the theme begets
Rhythms transcending time and the sea's rage.

## DITTY

Love may choose you like a maid
Dancing in catalpa shade.

You, the Farmer in the Dell,
May take a wife for dancing well:

Draw her neatly from the ring,
Then both together dance and sing

Until the wife can take a child
By the trance of love beguiled.

And love will see the child grow free
To dance by the green catalpa tree.

# The inauguration

JANE SEWALL

This is a chapter from Miss Jane Sewall's book, *Jane, Dear Child,* an autobiographical story of the author's first ten years in Boulder, Colorado, beginning in 1877 when her father, Dr. Joseph Addison Sewall, became the first president of the University of Colorado. As Miss Sewall writes: "At the time of our arrival Old Main was the only building on a barren hillside. Its roof covered all the academic activities of the University and subsequently it became the living quarters of our family, which consisted of my parents, my brother Sammy, and my three sisters, Lucinda, Ann, and Mary, plus our general maid and the janitor and his wife. The following is the story, as it lives in my memory, of my father's inauguration."

The twenty-second of September dawned clear blue. The early morning air held a thin autumnal chill and there was already a flicker of pale gold among the aspens in the canyon. The hour for the inauguration was set for two o'clock in the afternoon. When I awoke in the morning I wondered how I should ever get through the long hours till then. Being inauguration-proud was as bad if not worse than being journey-proud. Selma, the family maid, served us younger children a rather casual breakfast at the kitchen table, but it didn't matter. No one wanted to eat much. Lucinda especially seemed hardly able to swallow a bite.

Suddenly my older sister Ann swooped in wearing a calico tire. She had been making beds and getting our rooms in order. Every place, including the bathroom, must be perfect and ready for inspection by afternoon.

"Listen, you two," Ann addressed Lucinda and me, "Mr. Hope sent word by the milkman to know if some of us can't come to his studio this morning to get our pictures taken in our inauguration clothes. Mother says we three may go if we'll be careful. She says I can be photographed sitting down, but you two are supposed to stand up so as not to muss your dresses because nobody's got any time to press them afterwards no matter what."

It was late morning before we finally knocked at the door of Mr. Hope's studio. Even with the utmost care we were a little flushed and dishevelled, for the strong sun of mid-day had burned

the chill from the air and the rutted down-hill road was unshaded and hot. We quickly explained to Mr. Hope Mother's admonition concerning our poses. He smiled understandingly and said he thought a picture of Ann seated and Lucinda and me standing would work out nicely. He had several beautiful scenes painted on curtains like theatrical backdrops to be used as settings for his pictures. The one I admired most was of Niagara Falls with a marble balustrade in the foreground on which rested a small potted palm. I hoped he might use this for us, but no. He believed Father and Mother would enjoy the photograph more if we girls looked as if we were at home. Rather a dull idea, I thought, but Mr. Hope was so dear and kind, what with the sash and all, that I hadn't the heart to raise an objection. He pulled a table forward and placed a chair at one end.

"You sit here, Miss Ann," he said. "Suppose you take a book and open it, just as if you were going to read. And you, little Missy," this to Lucinda, "stand here in the middle. Will you take off your glasses, please? Sometimes they catch the light wrong."

The flush of sun had faded from Lucinda's face. She pulled off her glasses obediently and leaned, white and a little dazed, against the center of the table.

"Now Jane, dear child," he continued, "at the other end opposite sister Ann. Rest your arms on the table and turn your head in profile." I did as he said and as an added touch, crossed one foot in back of the other. "That's it—that's right," he cried. "Our little Jane knows how to pose. Hold it—hold it." He popped his head under the black cloth hanging over the camera and grasped the bulb dangling from a long rubber stem. I heard a click, and then, to everybody's amazement, Lucinda, without a word, toppled over on the floor. Ann and I rushed to kneel beside her regardless of wrinkles or dust. Mr. Hope shot from his black tent. He bent over Lucinda and tenderly lifted her in his arms.

"She's all right," he said reassuringly, for tears of anxiety were rolling down my cheeks. "She's just fainted from too much heat and excitement. Wet a towel, Miss Ann, in the water pitcher in the other room."

In a moment a restored Lucinda was settled on a red plush sofa under Niagara Falls. Mr. Hope gave Ann and me palm leaf fans.

"Fan her a little," he said, "while I go to the livery stable and

get a carryall. We'll drive up the hill in state. We'll be the first carriage company at the inauguration."

When life ran along its accustomed channels and all was clear sailing, I often found my sister Ann uncompromising and hoity-toity, but without doubt, when she felt herself really needed, when responsibility was thrust into her hands, no one could be more efficient and reliable. Without troubling Mother or Selma, she marshalled us younger children into the laundry and, by way of lunch, administered sandwiches and milk. In spite of her earlier announcement, she pulled Lucinda's and my dresses off and pressed them. She washed, scrubbed, and combed us all right there in the laundry. No one was going to get a chance to go back to the bathroom. It had been Ann's special concern to put it in shining order and she refused to have it disturbed by a carefree little brother and sisters.

Through her efforts we were all cap-a-pie before Selma issued from her room spic and span in a long black dress with starched cap and apron. Mrs. Janitor, as we called the janitor's wife, was also helping, but no uniform for her. She was resplendent in a purple gown with front of crocheted lace over yellow sateen. I thought she looked elegant until I saw Mother. Then for the first time I had a glimmer of the fact that elegance was something inside. You didn't put it on with your clothes. When we came upstairs, Mother was already in the big parlor. It was true she had on a beautiful wine-colored gown with front panel of brocaded moss roses, but even if she had worn the simplest drab she would still have been the great lady. She stood tall and queenly, her dark eyes alive with excitement and happiness. Every gesture she made was poised and graceful. Father, with his slightly stooping student's shoulders, joined her. He too looked proud and happy though a little distraught. He didn't hear all our questions.

"Don't pester Father, honey-bunches," Mother admonished. "His mind is on his speech."

The first guests, their shoes squeaking with newness, were the ushers—eight young men enrolled in the entering class. Mother and Father immediately began briefing them in their duties to put them at their ease. All but one had broad shoulders and bronzed outdoor faces. The pale young man walked with a slight limp. He had soft dark eyes, and although I couldn't help noticing that

his coat was frayed at the cuffs, I liked the sound of his voice and the gentleness of his manner better than any of the others.

"This is Ernest Pease," Father told us.

"How d'you do, Mr. Pease," I said. He seemed a grown-up man to me.

"Ernest please, Jennie," he said as he took my proffered hand. From that moment we were friends.

Among the other ushers was one I had met before, Chet Hammond. He was a big burly fellow, rather handsome, but I didn't like him. He pushed around as if he owned the place and knew more than all the other ushers put together. He had brought his sister Birdie with him, a fat girl about Ann's age, with frizzed hair and an over-beruffled pink dress. She had called at the University before but we had entertained her out-of-doors or in the lower part of the building. This was the first time she had ever been in our living quarters. We could see she was impressed, and Ann, quite ready to improve the occasion, said airily, "Would you like to see the president's quarters? Everything's open for inspection today."

Birdie was delighted, and Ann set out on her personally conducted tour, the rest of us following at her heels.

"That old Birdie just wants to tell everyone she's seen it all first," Lucinda whispered to me.

Ann saved her special pride—the bathroom—till the last. With studied nonchalance she threw open the door. "Our bath," she said.

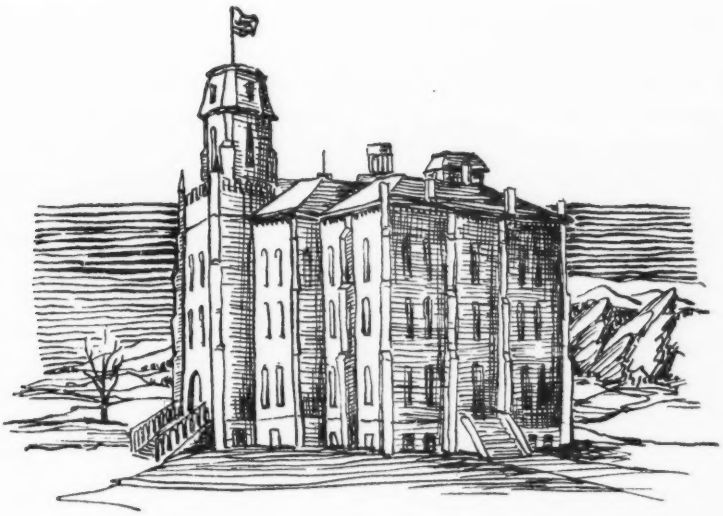
Birdie stopped in her tracks. Slowly a crimson flush mounted from her throat to her fat cheeks. "Ann Sewall," she exclaimed in outraged tones, "do you mean to tell me that you have a privy right in your home—where you live? I think it's awful."

Ann, who at the time had taken not more than half a dozen French lessons, swiftly put Birdie in her place. *"Au contraire,"* she replied, "we find it quite convenient."

"You girls hush up," cried Sammy, "and listen." He turned from us and scampered towards the front of the house.

I held my breath, and from afar heard the faint brassy notes of a band. "Oh, they're coming," I shouted. "Inoggyration's beginning."

We all rushed after Sammy. The great front doors were flung



wide open, and Father stood alone on the high granite stoop. We wanted to gather round him but Mother called us. We must watch from the parlor windows with her, she told us.

"Afterwards when the reception begins it will be different," she said. "Then we can all be together, but this part is for the president alone." The exciting blare of the band came nearer, then ceased. "I expect they're at the Hollow Hill now," said Mother, "and it takes all their breath to get across." Hollow Hill was the name given to the gully at the stream where it crossed the road.

"It's all mostly dried up now," said Ann. "You don't even need the foot bridge any more."

"There's still plenty of water in pools," put in Sammy. "I can wade up to my knees in the pools."

All of a sudden, the bright metallic music blasted forth again. "Onward Christian sold—je—ers, mar—ching as to war." People were singing with the band. We could see them now, the red-faced, blue-coated musicians. The sun splintered in dazzling tinsel on the brasses. The bass drum beat out a sonorous echo among the foot hills. "Like a might-ee army—." Following were men, women, and children, dressed to the nines, trying in spite of the uneven rutted road to swing into the rhythm of the band. With

what breath was left them they sang "One in faith and one in hope—"

Close on the heels of the marchers came an open barouche drawn by two spanking horses, kept in taut rein by the high-seated coachman. In it sat the governor and regents of the University, bearded, high-hatted, and solemn as Egyptian mortuary figures. More carriages followed bringing the leading members of the community—the ministers, the lawyers, the well-to-do merchants, and cattlemen with their families. We watched the crowds stream up the steps. By pressing my nose close against the windowpane I could see Father. He was reaching out his hand in welcome to everyone who entered the new University.

Ernest Pease limped into the parlor. "It's ten minutes to two, Mrs. Sewall," he said. "Could I show you and the children to the chapel. There's a great crowd up there already, but your seats are reserved, of course."

As Mother turned in acquiescence, there arose above the confusion of voices around us the harsh clang-clang of a bell and the iron clatter of horses hooves. We all rushed back to the windows.

"Forevermore!" exclaimed Mother. "It's the fire department."

Rounding the bend to University Avenue dashed the steamer, all flashing metal and billowing black smoke. Behind, swift as a Roman chariot, pranced the hose cart. The firemen in brilliant red uniforms clung to their posts. The manes of the magnificent dappled greys blew in the wind.

"Are we on fire?" I cried out in alarm.

"Oh no," laughed Ernest. "They've turned out to do honor to the occasion, that's all."

"Where's the hook n' ladder?" demanded Sammy.

"Yes, where is it?" repeated Ernest. "It's brand new and they're proud as punch of it."

It was only afterwards that we learned that the pride of the Department got stuck in the undried pools of the Hollow Hill.

I had never seen such a crowd as were jammed into the chapel. Every seat was taken except those reserved for the family. People were standing at the back and pressing into the aisles in spite of the efforts of the ushers. From the windows we saw even more people milling around outside, the helmets of the firemen making brilliant spots of scarlet among them. Father sat in the middle of

the chancel, the Baptist clergyman, minister of the largest church in town, on his right and the governor of regents on his left. The other regents spread out on either side. The thick hum of whispering voices buzzed round us. The air hung close and heavy.

Poor Mother, who had been on her feet for hours, felt almost overcome by the oppressive atmosphere. She leaned towards me seated at the end of the row. "Jennie dear," she whispered, "run as quietly as you can to my room and get my fan. It's on my bureau."

I wriggled through the throng at the chapel door into the comparative emptiness of the entrance hall. Chet Hammond stood outside on the stoop; I heard his overbearing voice ring out harshly.

"No, you can't get in."

"But my brother's entered here," I heard a girl's voice reply. "He couldn't come away today 'cause he's brandin' cattle. He said for me to come in his place."

Chet laughed sneeringly. "I suppose the cattle brander can come to school here if he's got the price, but *you* don't belong here. Run along home, sister, you're not invited."

"He told me the president invited everybody."

"You'd get lost in the crowd. Go home and listen to the cattle bellowing. Suit you better than university talk."

Chet pulled a cigar out of his pocket and sauntered off. I peeked through the open door and saw a girl in a stiff straw hat and clean cotton dress turn to go down the steps. As she turned she drew the back of her hand across her eyes.

The governor was introducing Father in long impressive words when I got back with Mother's fan. Father rose, his clear penetrating eyes looked over the crowding congregation and rested for a moment on us. We all smiled earnestly back. Mother made a special little diddle with her fan. Then Father began. I did my very best to listen, not do as I usually did, think of something else when grown-up people talked. To my own surprise some of the words broke into my understanding. At times it was as if Father were just having one of his interesting serious talks with us children, telling us how he hoped the University would become not only a seat of learning but a center of freedom and brotherhood.

"With your help and the guidance of God," he said, "we shall succeed."

I determined then and there to tell him about the poor girl on the steps.

"I would ask no better eulogy," his firm voice rang in my ears, than that friends should say of me when I am sleeping in the shelter of these hills, 'He was in at its birth, he guided its infant footsteps so that in the years it was able to attain the stature of the full-grown man.' "

When Father sat down the tears were rolling down my cheeks. Amazingly I found I was not alone. Grown-up ladies were wiping their eyes and even some of the gentlemen got out their handkerchiefs and blew their noses pretty hard.

After the ceremony when we joined Father for a moment, I was still crying. "I don't know why, Father," I sobbed. "I don't hurt anywhere. I just can't help it."

He wiped my eyes tenderly. "People don't cry," he said "because things hurt on the outside, especially as they grow older. They cry because something touches the heart."

The reception which followed was for me a dream-like phantasmagoria with nightmarish overtones. There were moments when I was so crushed among the grown-up people that I thought

I should cease to breathe—there was the awful quarter hour when we thought little Mary had been kidnapped, and the horror of a lady's piercing scream checking for a moment the incessant chatter and laughter. But the lady's scream was for no worse accident than the sudden spill by an awkward hand of scalding coffee down her unsuspecting back—Mary was discovered asleep in the laundry cuddled up to the janitor's cat, and after moments of suffocation, clearings opened in which I could breathe. There were also beautiful bright dresses and friendly, admiring smiles.

"What do they call you, dear, Jane or Jennie—Jennie's prettier, isn't it?" "So you're in the middle between Lucinda and your brother, Sammy?" "You look so much like your father. Doesn't everyone tell you that?"

And there was ice cream—two helps with no one to say go slow, and lady fingers and macaroons. There was an exciting smell of perfume and cigars and coffee, and just a little scent of hot people but that made it all the more heady. There were the ushers pushing through the crowds. You couldn't hear their shoes any more for all the noise drowned out the squeak. The tireless young men propelled the ladies, the gentlemen following in their wake, up to where Father and Mother stood before the fireplace in the big parlor. I could always hear Chet Hammond's voice ringing out the names above everything else. Father and Mother shook hands over and over again. They smiled and talked to everyone as if they had looked forward to the pleasure of meeting him especially.

Slowly the bright day faded. The crowds thinned. The clear air of evening drifted cool and welcome through the open doors and the people who were still in the drawing room talked more quietly without so much shrill laughter. Ernest brought Father and Mother chairs to sit down and ice cream and coffee, while two other ushers walked from room to room lighting candles which had been placed in every window. The other young men carried pails of water and placed them inconspicuously near, for the flashing fire department had departed down the hill long ago.

In the lull I crept to Father's side. He put his arm around me. "This has been a wonderful occasion, Jane, dear child—one which you'll remember as long as you live."

"It's been wonderful all but one thing." Then, since Chet and Birdie had left, I told him how Chet had treated the poor ranch girl. "He's mean," I said. "He made her cry. He ought to know better."

Father shook his head sadly. "That's it—he ought to know better but I'm afraid he doesn't. Chet looks a man on the outside but I suspect on the inside he's nothing but a great boy. This was a memorable day for him as it was for us all but the only way he knew how to show his appreciation was by acting important. In his mind only people in carriages or those very well dressed were high and mighty enough to do the University honor. In sending the poor girl away he felt he was protecting us."

"He's mean just the same," I insisted.

"No," said Father, "not mean—mistaken. The poor fellow doesn't know gold from sand."

"But you won't let him come to the University, will you? Please don't let him come."

"Yes," said Father, "he needs the University more perhaps than considerate, gentle boys like Ernest. I hope in four years we can give Chet a maturer—a more grown-up point of view, so that it will be impossible for him to behave as he has today. The University isn't here simply to teach Greek and mathematics, but to give the young people who enter its doors a truer understanding of the values of life."

Then he patted my hand. "Let's not feel too bad about the poor girl. I'll find out who she is and tomorrow I'll drive out to see her and her parents. I think I can make them understand it was a mistake. Perhaps you'd like to come too and make friends."

For a while we sat quietly listening to the retreating grind of carriage wheels and the scuff of departing feet on the gravel drive. Afterwards, those who turned for a last backward glance told us that the shadowy University building with its gleaming windows looked like a fairy palace set against the bulwark of the everlasting hills. The candles burned low in their sockets and finally Father and Ernest put them all out. Then we turned, not back to the president's quarters but back to what from now on was our home.

# Water — win or lose

M. JOHN LOEFFLER

We need in Colorado an objective and thorough analysis of our water problem. Too many of us take our own water supply for granted because of the ease with which we can turn on our kitchen faucet or sprinkle our lawns. As a result we worry only when watering permits become necessary and when stringent regulations are needed to conserve what little water remains in storage reservoirs. Our thinking doesn't often penetrate this thin veneer of annoyances. Many of us fail to realize that without water our entire economic structure is in jeopardy. Our families, our homes, and our jobs are greatly dependent upon water resources, and yet we would shuffle the responsibility for these valuable resources to those few individuals who were hired "to look after our water problems." We refuse all too often to learn something about the basis of Colorado's water problem because it is "too hard and too technical."

That the problem is difficult and technical is established fact. That the problem is "too something or other" is sheer nonsense. Such an attitude arises from our ignorance of just what the basic water situation is. Fragmentary information concerning specific problems adds to this confusion because it is not always known how nor where such information fits into the framework of our water supply. If Coloradans are to be informed on their water matters and if they are to appreciate at least a few of the difficulties in adjusting to our water situation, it is necessary to understand certain basic facts about the development of the state, its population growth and distribution, and the physical geography of the Rocky Mountain Region and of Colorado. These are the same facts which not only make the water problem the nightmare that it is but which will give us important information so that we can start solving our serious problem.

At least seventeen of our western states suffer from acute annual water shortages. These states are "western" in the sense that they are located west of the one hundredth meridian which corresponds

closely to the twenty-inch rainfall line, extending through central North and South Dakota, central Nebraska, western Kansas and along the eastern edge of the Oklahoma and Texas Panhandles. Twenty inches of rainfall is the critical quantity of precipitation necessary for agriculture. With less than twenty inches of precipitation, crop risk is too great without irrigation and without the application of special skills and techniques of using the land that are peculiar to dry land farming. Excluding small areas on the west coast, the area seriously affected by water deficiencies is 60 per cent of the total land area of the United States.

In this vast region the activities of the people are at the mercy of the weather. Extended periods of drought are common. Seasonal and daily temperature ranges are large. Air movement is great and the atmosphere is often so dry it is harsh. Flash floods are common. There are "wet" years that delude man in his thinking that the climate is changing.

There are the arid lands, the vast expanse of deserts, with less than ten inches of precipitation annually. Amid these deserts are the humid lands, high mountain areas, that receive more than twenty inches of precipitation. There are the "in-between" areas, the semi-arid lands, that receive from ten to twenty inches of precipitation, just enough rainfall to make man want to speculate on using the land for quick profits, a gamble that he is sure to lose.

Most seriously affected by water deficiencies in this area are eight states that comprise the Rocky Mountain Region: Montana, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. Landlocked and separated from the oceans by large distances, the Rocky Mountain Region is usually the last in line to receive precipitation. Protracted periods of precipitation, the "good old country rain" that really penetrates the soil, are practically unknown. Rain is primarily in the form of the convectional thundershower which is usually intense but local. Snow cover on the basal plain is usually light and is not particularly effective in providing winter moisture. The seasonal distribution of moisture, so important to agriculture, varies a great deal. The area eastward from the Rocky Mountains receives as much as 65 percent of the total annual precipitation from May through August while parts of the San Juan Basin receive the smallest amounts of rainfall during the growing season.

It was the early recognition of these adverse elements of the physical environment that put the "precious" stamp on water supplies. To survive in the Rocky Mountain Region, it became necessary to locate permanent sources of water as well as auxiliary supplies that provided additional water during certain seasons of the year. To find the necessary supplies, the people of the region have literally been "water hunting" for nearly a century, a job that still continues unabated at the present time.

In this intense search throughout the Rocky Mountain Region, Colorado has become somewhat of a cynosure. Within this state several large rivers drain the vast expanse of mountainous land where each year large quantities of precipitation provide a reliable supply of water. As a result Colorado became one of the early leaders in the use and development of her water supply. Laws that permitted the maximum use of this water by the people were quickly adopted and became known as the "Colorado System." In 1889, when the first irrigation census was taken, Colorado ranked second among the states in irrigated acreage with 890,735 acres under irrigation. In 1899, Colorado ranked first with more than one million acres of irrigated land. Continued leadership in water development rapidly increased the total irrigated acreage. By 1920, over two and a quarter million acres were "under the ditch."

Although the people of Colorado were among the early national leaders in the development of the water resource, they seem to have lost that leadership. Rather than leading, Colorado is lagging dreadfully because basic research in the state's physical geography and in water supply problems has been neglected. It is not known in this state just how much water is available because no accurate inventory has been taken. Indeed, it is not known quite how to conduct such an inventory. Reasonably accurate figures as to the total quantity of water that is withdrawn from our streams are available, but pitifully little is known about actual consumption rates for agriculture, industry, and domestic use.

There is no way to determine to what extent future water needs can be met because "water production" rates are not understood. The reliability of our water supply, so important to a stable economy, cannot be established because too little is understood about fluctuation rates in climatic cycles. We also don't know the qual-

ity of our water and, therefore, its usability. It is common knowledge that much of Colorado's water is highly contaminated and not suitable for human consumption. Large quantities of water are being withdrawn from the underground reservoirs by pumping. No one knows how much or just what will happen if we continue at the present rate of withdrawal.

With the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, the vast area west of the Mississippi River to the continental drainage divide of the Rocky Mountains was opened for settlement. Available and reliable supplies of water attracted the early settlers to Colorado and determined in uncompromising terms not only the settlement pattern but the extent and density of that pattern. In order to supply the miners with food, early settlement took place along two major water arteries, the South Platte and Arkansas Rivers, and along the east base of the mountains where water from the smaller tributary streams was plentiful. In western Colorado, the fertile, protected mountain valleys where irrigation water was ample also attracted pioneers.

Although several of the early attempts to settle the land failed, the development of the land-water resource was nevertheless rapid. Colorado's population in 1870 was 39,864. By 1900, the state's population had grown to 539,700. Irrigation companies and irrigation districts had been formed to develop the state's water resources. Colorado Springs, Denver, and Pueblo were rapidly growing urban centers. After 1900 the pace of land-water development quickened, and the establishment of industries increased the water needs. Storage reservoirs to meet the needs were built by the irrigation companies. By 1930, Colorado's population exceeded one million. The years 1930 to 1950 witnessed the world's worst economic depression and its greatest war and yet the population of the state still increased rapidly. Census reports for 1950 indicate a total population of 1,325,089.

It was believed that the increases in Colorado's population after World War II would be temporary and the population curve would level off. Instead, the incredible increases of the late forties have continued and there is no sign of letup. The curve becomes steeper almost daily. Whereas the previous ten-year record increase in population (1900-1910) was 251,000, we already know that the present decade will add at least 350,000 to our population

total. At mid-decade, Colorado's population is at least 1,500,000.

Such records of population increases are cause enough for some sober thinking and future appraisal about water. At present Colorado ranks sixth among the states termed the "biggest water users." Coloradans consume an average of 8.9 billion gallons of water daily. Such a quantity of water, to make it more meaningful, will cover four city blocks to a depth of more than 300 feet, these being average figures. It is reasonable to assume that during the warm or growing season when the demand for water is greatest the quantity of water consumed during a twenty-four hour period is at least doubled.

Irrigation is the heaviest single withdrawer and consumer of water. Although the water requirements for irrigated crops are high, the development of Colorado's economy has depended largely upon this method of farming. The total annual income from irrigated crops is somewhat over a half billion dollars which is more than double that of its nearest competitor. For every three gallons withdrawn for irrigation purposes, only one gallon is actually consumed. The other two gallons are lost through evaporation and seepage, which cannot be easily controlled except by spending large sums of money.

Out of the total amount of water consumed, Colorado industries are using larger quantities than ever before and the per capita use is increasing daily. Poorer grades of raw materials require more water for washing, and synthetics require far more water for fabrication than do those materials which they are replacing. The manufacture of iron and steel—Colorado has a sizable industry—requires 65,000 gallons of water for every ton of steel produced.

Colorado's rapidly growing oil-refining industry already uses large quantities of water and will need a far greater supply. In 1940, Colorado crude oil production was less than two million barrels. In 1953, over 36 million barrels of crude oil were produced, ten counties producing over 100,000 barrels each. To refine one barrel of crude oil requires 880 gallons of water.

To these industrial demands must be added the ever-increasing quantities of water that are called "domestic." Only a few years ago this was a negligible phase of water consumption from the viewpoint of quantity. The daily consumption of water for the adult is between one and two quarts and quantity-wise is neg-

ligible. Since 1945, however, household appliances that require large quantities of water have come into general use. The garbage disposal and the automatic washing machine are miniature "water hogs." Add to this the automatic dishwasher and the air-conditioner and the water requirements become almost confounding. And still we have not watered the lawns nor the flower beds and gardens, which are increasing in size and number at an astounding rate in keeping with the trend toward larger families and urbanization in rural areas.

At this point we might well ask where all the water needed will come from and then hasten to add—but that's not all. While the industrial, agricultural, and domestic demands and uses are great, large quantities of water must by law be permitted to pass beyond Colorado's boundaries. Although we may be very skeptical about such a situation, we must remember that the laws here observed are the laws that made the development of our state possible.

The tremendous increase in the use of water for all purposes has in itself created a water supply problem. "Too many people are where enough water isn't." Elements of the state's physical geography are exacting, in fact cruel, and have caused small areas of very dense population concentrations to develop while large sections of the state approach a population vacuum. Moffat County, 4,754 square miles in area, is one of the largest political subdivisions of the state. It is larger than the states of Delaware and Rhode Island combined but supports fewer than 6,000 people. These two eastern states support almost one million people. Denver County, by contrast, is 66 square miles in area and has one-half million people in it, approximately one-third of Colorado's total population. Thus of Colorado's total population, 1,200,000 people or approximately 75 per cent of the total occupy the area east of the Continental Divide with particularly dense settlement along the east base of the mountains where competition for water is already severe. Density and location of population are perhaps best illustrated by counties. Of Colorado's 63 counties, only 25 have 10,000 or more population. Of this total, 8 are located in the Rio Grande and Colorado River systems, 16 are in the Arkansas and South Platte River basins and one is in the Republican River drainage.

People and water are the vital and inseparable elements of an economy and their geographic proximity is of basic importance. The "where" of the largest segment of the state's population has been indicated. There remains the "where" of the water resource and the quantity of this resource.

It is important to know the basic elements of Colorado's physical geography which have complicated every facet of the water problem. To understand the significance of just where our mountains lie, it is necessary to erase momentarily the state boundaries to which our mind's eye is accustomed and to visualize the southern branch of the Rocky Mountains as situated almost entirely in Colorado and surrounded by the vast water-deficient land areas of Utah, southern Wyoming, western Kansas and Nebraska, eastern Colorado, and northern New Mexico. The mountainous area, made up of many high ranges and individual mountain masses, serves as a topographic barrier to the moisture-laden air masses that move freely over the lowlands. Because of their elevation and their north-south direction, large quantities of precipitation are shed annually on the mountains, and the area becomes a humid region with annual precipitation of twenty inches or more and assumes the all-important function of a "water producer."

To demonstrate the importance of this function and to help us understand what takes place weather-wise, twenty weather stations have been selected for analysis, ten in the mountainous area east of the Continental Divide and ten west of the divide.

For the ten selected stations east of the Continental Divide, 232.11 inches of precipitation fell annually during the period 1931 through 1952 or an average total of a little more than 23 inches per station. In analyzing these figures, one should remember that the stations are located at relatively low elevations, 7,000 to 9,000 feet, where they are accessible and can be maintained. Thus the figures do not reflect conditions of greatly increased precipitation, 30 to 40 inches, at higher elevations. Of the total of 23 inches per station, nearly 16 inches fell in the less valuable form of water April through September. The cold season precipitation east of the Continental Divide, that moisture which falls between October and March, and which constitutes the important "snowpack," is less than eight inches of water per station and represents only one-third of the total annual moisture.

The snow fall west of the Continental Divide is affected by different factors that alter significantly the amount and seasonal distribution of moisture. These are exposure and increased air mass activity. Western Colorado faces into the tracks of moisture-laden air moving eastward from the Pacific Ocean and the abrupt and large differences in precipitation induced by topography are little short of amazing. The average annual snowfall at Manassa, Colorado, is only 31 inches. A few miles away at Cumbres, the average annual snowfall is 264 inches. These differences are not exceptions but are commonplace. While the river valleys of western Colorado, where most of the habitation is found, are protected from the severe and extreme conditions of weather and climate, the upland areas are exposed to the full intensity of the climatic elements. As a result the total annual precipitation is high and the seasonal distribution, because of intense air activity during the cold season, is favorable for water production.

The total annual precipitation west of the Continental Divide, 1931 through 1952, for the ten selected stations is 283.12 inches, or five inches more per station than is received east of the divide. More critical than the total moisture that falls is its seasonal distribution. Whereas only one-third of the total moisture east of the Continental Divide falls in the form of snow for the important winter storage, more than 50 per cent of the moisture west of the divide comes during the cold season, October through March.

While the seasonal distribution is more favorable and total moisture quantities are much higher west of the Continental Divide than to the east, the most difficult problem—that of getting the water and the people together—arises from the geographic location of the Continental Divide. The divide serves the same function as does the gable of the roof on our homes. If the highest part of the roof is centered, then the amount of water that drains from each slope is approximately equal. If the roof divide is shifted from center in either direction, then the slope on the side toward which the shift is made has correspondingly less water draining from it. The water divide or Continental Divide is situated a considerable distance from center to the east. Applied to the water resource, this means (1) that a much larger moisture-gathering area is located west of the drainage divide and (2) that trans-basin water diversion is necessary to correct the unbalanced

situation between the geographic distribution of population and the location of the water resource.

In order to alleviate some of the difficulties and to overcome some of the problems that inhere in the separation of the major segment of Colorado's population and their water supply, positive steps must be taken to insure the fullest development and the most effective use of water. If we fail in our work, the water needs of the state's increasing population cannot be met. Industry and agriculture will be unable to expand. The many and varied resources that Colorado has will remain under-developed and of little or no value, not for the lack of water but the lack of its development and more effective use.

The solution to this problem can be divided into three parts, all of equal importance: (1) the need for more water information, assistance, and cooperation in developing the water resources of the Colorado River Basin, (2) the more efficient use of our present water supply, and (3) more intense scientific research in water fact-finding.

The geographic location of additional water supplies and the problem of water distribution have been indicated. It is now necessary to establish legal right to the large bloc of Colorado River water under the terms of the Colorado River Compacts. Under one of the compacts, Colorado River water is divided at Lees Ferry, Arizona. The upper basin states—Utah, New Mexico, Wyoming, Colorado, and a small portion of northern Arizona—are allotted 7.5 million acre feet of water annually. However, and this is the nail in the shoe, the above states may not reduce the flow of the river at Lees Ferry below 75 million acre feet for ten-year periods. Under the Upper Colorado River Compact, Colorado's allotment of the 7.5 million acre feet per year is slightly above 50 per cent of 7,450,000 acre feet, the remaining 50,000 acre feet having been awarded to northern Arizona.

Now that the Upper Colorado River Storage Bill has been passed, it will enable the above stipulation to be carried out, for up to this time the Upper Compact States have not had the storage facilities to fulfill their agreement with the lower Compact States. The program authorizes expenditures of $760 million to store surplus water during wet climatic cycles and to generate electrical power. To complete the major features of the project and the

smaller participating units will require approximately 70 years. Of the major units, construction of the Glen Canyon (26 million acre feet of storage) and the Flaming Gorge (four million acre feet of storage) reservoirs will begin immediately.

The two remaining major storage units, the Navajo and Curecanti dams, and twenty-four smaller participating projects are in the planning stages. Several of these projects, including one of the major units, are located in Colorado. The time required for their completion and for their final test as effective storage units depends largely upon Colorado's assistance and cooperation in supplying the vast amount of basic water information that is needed to complete the final plans. We must remind ourselves that this is information that we do not have at the present time. To secure it will require money and considerable time which may have serious repercussions in delaying the actual construction of these projects for many years.

Concurrent with the development of additional water supplies is the equally important problem of using our present water supply more effectively. Development of new devices and techniques in irrigation such as the use of "spile," plastic molds that direct and control "water heads," is saving large quantities of irrigation water. Although many acres of irrigated land have been leveled for improved water control, it is but a token of what must eventually be done to increase water effectiveness. Those of us not in the business may not recognize that land-leveling is a costly and tedious process and can proceed only as fast as financial resources permit. Experiments in the use of bentonite and other materials as cheap, effective "ditch liners" to reduce water losses through seepage, show promise of raising irrigation efficiency to the 50 per cent level.

Water control in our cities and towns is as important as on the farm. Basing water costs on the number of rooms in a house, the number of toilets and baths, and the frontage or area of land occupied by the family dwelling accomplishes little in water efficiency. The philosophy of "ability to pay" is noble but it doesn't help us when we get to the important business of effective water use. Water should and must be provided as cheaply as possible for every family, and the water meter comes closest to getting the job done. When we pay for what runs out of the faucet, we

begin to develop a "water consciousness." Very suddenly the chronic dripper in the basement is repaired and the leaky toilet gets some strict and long overdue attention. We know that if we stay within certain limits our water bill will be relatively low, and if we choose to exceed those limits we "pay through the nose." The water meter saves water; it also saves money.

Industries can also use water more efficiently. Effective water measurement, preferably metering, water reuse through recycling, water cooling and distillation for reuse, and the use of water that can be reconstituted from municipal sewage plants will save large quantities of water. Surveys indicate that water needs for a substantial number of industries can be reduced by at least 50 per cent. The Kaiser Fontana steel plant near Los Angeles, through constant water reuse, produces a ton of steel with only 1,400 gallons in contrast to the 65,000 gallons generally used.

While there is a general awareness that water effectiveness can be measurably increased in agriculture and industry, many Coloradans overlook the damage to their water supply through stream pollution. Water pollution is one of the toughest and ugliest aspects of Colorado's water supply and one that cuts sharply into water effectiveness. The report of the Committee on Health and Welfare of the House of Representatives to the Fortieth General Assembly indicates the seriousness of the problem. The danger of taking segments of reports out of text is recognized, but there are parts of the report that can stand alone: "Pollution of water supplies, as determined by the United States Public Health standards and standards of the State Department of Public Health, is widespread throughout the state." This is not surprising when "at least 40 municipalities, at the present time, collect their sewage in a system of sewers and flow the raw sewage directly into nearby streams." The policy of clean up or close up for industries and business and mining establishments that insist that someone else clean up their mess is sound. It is, however, difficult to close up a city or town. Individually, by proper waste disposal, we can practice what common sense and basic values dictate in guarding our watersheds. In our cities and towns we can work together in providing sewage treatment facilities. If we continue to be dilatory and to acquiesce on this important matter, we should be prepared to grace our tables with "sewer trout" and high quality vegetables

bathed in raw sewer water. We must be further prepared to spend needlessly large sums of money to clean up our already critical water supply.

Finally, we must have much more scientific research done on water. As the available water supply shrinks, the conflicts of interest and use, agricultural, industrial, recreational, domestic, even political, become increasingly severe. These conflicts will have to be resolved on the basis of more technical water information.

The first and most important phase of this work is research in precipitation distribution. Measuring stations must be established in sufficient number to provide adequate coverage of the mountain area and must be supervised by trained personnel to determine total moisture quantities, the geographic pattern of moisture variation, "snowpack" conditions, and storm intensities and duration. We can take the guesswork out of water inventories, water potential, and reliability rates. With these important scientific facts, we can then learn where to construct water storage facilities which will stabilize our water supply. Surplus runoff and flood water can then be controlled and used. The Purgatoire River flood of 1955, recurring floods on Fountain Creek, and the many similar situations that occur frequently in Colorado can be avoided.

House Bill 82, passed by the present Assembly, is a gesture in the right direction. The bill appropriates $100,000 for "conducting water studies and surveys, with particular reference to the necessity and feasibility of constructing water storage dams and irrigation projects west of the Continental Divide and in the San Luis Valley." Here again the appropriation is inadequate, but it is most encouraging that money has been made available at the state level. More money should now be given, in sufficient amounts, to extend basic water research to every major drainage basin in Colorado.

As we venture forth to develop Colorado River water, to accomplish the very most with our existing water supply, and to concern ourselves with the acquisition of water knowledge through research, we may ask what of the future? There are some favorable signs.

Experiments in cloud nucleation or seeding have been conduct-

ed over much of the United States since 1945. Whether cloud seeding is effective as a means of producing greater precipitation has not been definitely established. Laboratory experiments have proved conclusively that it can be done on a small scale. The encouraging phase of this work is that scientific effort is being made to alleviate our critical water shortages.

The demineralization of sea water has been under study and experiment for some time at the Universities of Florida and California and by the United States Department of Interior. That it can be and is being done is common knowledge. There are in fact many installations the world over that already convert sea water to fresh water in rather substantial quantities, mainly for industry. The problem involved is one primarily of economics. For the process to be of value, large quantities of water are needed and the cost of removing the salt is too high under the presently known methods and devices. Once it becomes economically feasible to use demineralized sea water on a large scale, Coloradans likely will experience a measure of relief. Sizable blocs of water that must now pass beyond the western and southern boundaries of the state can be replaced, near the coastal areas, and made available to water users in upstream areas.

What atomic and solar energy will do from the point of view of cheap power sources is not yet known. It is not fantastic to envision the shifting of large quantities of water from the well-watered regions of the continent to those areas suffering from inadequate supplies. Such a shift of water does not necessarily mean that water would have to be moved prohibitive distances. Kansas and Nebraska, much lower in elevation than states further west, and in geographic proximity to some of the well-watered regions, might very well become part of such a development. This would again mean that water now going beyond Colorado's eastern boundary could be replaced and the water used more effectively near the source areas.

Thus we in Colorado must think and act on our water problems as effectively as possible. If we do so, our position of leadership in water matters for the one and one-half million Coloradans can be regained. If we are to accomplish this, and if we are to provide improved living standards for the present and future generations in fact and by deeds, not just words, we must work together. We

can no longer play the kids' game of choosing up sides. In our struggle for water there can be no sides. There is absolutely no place for sectionalism, your water, our water, east side, west side. If we close ranks we win; otherwise all of us lose.

## PROBUS SAID

By Belle Turnbull

Our god was ice with goldleaf plastered on:
We ran the boats that dug for his veneer,
Gutted our valleys to his lordly blare
Of loud expensive laughter and bon ton.
Under our icefields standing to the sun
We watched him match the glitter of their dare,
And stamp his stallions down that brittle air,
Proud in our sight and peerless in his own.

He died, said Probus, melted down and died
And never heard the coyotes take his hill,
Passed in the reek of incense undenied.
Now all he was has assayed out to nil,
And other outfits sweating hope and blood
Raise in his place yet more preposterous gods.

# Miss Emslie, Miss Emslie

RITA OTHUS

There was no way for Louise Yoder to ever go back and tell Miss Emslie, and for her the harm must have been quiet and irrevocable being what she was. Unless Miss Emslie, to pursue the other extreme, had forgotten it entirely. But really Louise always knew that Miss Emslie had not.

It had been such a large high school. Among Louise's souvenirs were no dance programs with tangled silken cords, no tarnished little bag of sequins once long ago pushed possessively into the pocket of a dark blue suit. Instead there was only that about Miss Emslie and a sketchy collection of clippings from the school paper. The clippings were of Louise's feature stories and editorials, among them the one about the white mice, their immortality forever assured.

And, of course, there was all of Ambler's stuff, a complete file of his weekly column, THE BLEACHERS. Ambler was one who only watched. He had learned to do this so well that then at seventeen he could to his own advantage read meaning into the clumsy gesture, the fumbled word, the hesitant, shifting eye. This Louise did not understand until much later either. The very first day in journalism class he had turned around, calculating, accurate in his surmise. . . .

He had hooked his elbow, skinny beneath the rich green suede of his jacket, up on her desk. So much of his arm rested there, was strained back so far, that it did not seem a very easy position, and, indeed, Louise found it difficult to even open her notebook so much space was usurped. She was going to ask him to remove his arm, but did not quite know how to phrase such a request. Besides the teacher, who had wild, beautiful hair like ragged, fierce chrysanthemums, was saying in a spare imitation of the tough city room manner, that her class in newspaper writing was conducted much like an actual newspaper office. The training was to be rigid and real with schoolroom atmosphere cut down as far as possible. She, the teacher—she, Miss Lawdalai—would

merely serve in the capacity of copyreader. She talked on, told anecdotes, was able to toss off a famous name or two gleaned from some past and distant journalism teachers' convention. Louise's fresh and responsive heart beat up upon hearing for the first time the use of a new vernacular, and in a harsh cone of light she saw herself grinding out the big story at midnight, going afterwards to the small bar—but they would call it a bistro—with. . . . With whom? The daydream foundered. Anyway he would call her Lou and they would never be able to marry because of her career and his wife who was Catholic or an invalid or some such thing, and somehow it all became so valiant, so front-page and sad because of her slim ankles, the trim tailored suits and the little round hats—her trademark. . . .

Then Ambler had turned around and said in a supercilious whisper, "Sweet Jesus, does she think this is like a real newspaper office?"

Louise, who as yet made use of only a small range of social reactions, had as a matter of fact found that in her case it was usually better to presume nothing. Accustomed as she was to not being preferred it was not, therefore, this boy's language, his wrist drooping thin and somehow derisive, nor the long fingers slack and stained with nicotine that shocked her so much as the idea that he had spoken to her and not to the girl across the aisle.

When class was over Louise knew and had been suddenly wrenched forward. She had turned her eyes hastily aside so that there could be no absolute proof that any bargain was being made, for here was an outraged mentor darkly curled, enmeshed within the collapsed tissue of a hidden shriveled nerve. He had spoken to her and offered her a dubious equality, and she suddenly became in a beginning, timid way, very happy.

Louise and Ambler went to a movie one night, a French film. They had gone to a lot of movies indiscriminately. These were not dates, not carefully arranged situations.

Ambler had said that he understood French. Louise did not really believe it for he lied whenever it suited him, but she could not be sure because of the English captions. Still, maybe he could. When they came out into the street the rain had cleared and the

moon had come out. It was a Sunday night and the church bells were ringing. Louise had thought picturesquely, trying to make words for her bursting feelings, "The gleaming air was scoured by the gentle corrosion of church bells." No, no. "The bells silvered the air with a filigree of sound. . . ." perhaps? No, not that either. "Slices of moonlight. . . ."

"Boy gets girl in French," Ambler had said.

Louise paid no attention to him. The night brushed and lingered on her chin, her nose, her cheeks. She had lost herself in the dark intricacies of the movie and now she had forgotten herself again in the cool streets. She only saw Ambler's shadowed face, features forever turned away in derision, and took his arm impulsively. He lurched down the curb and Louise bobbed awkwardly close to him trying to get into some kind of inoffensive stride. He shook off her hand. "Someday I shall gnaw off this leg and throw it away. It couldn't bleed much, a leg like this."

"Ambler! You shouldn't talk like that!"

"Ambler, you shouldn't talk like that!" he had mimicked her. "Sweet Jesus!"

But he had gotten what he wanted and was able to laugh scornfully as he lit a cigarette. He told Louise to smoke one, also. "Go on. Take it!"

She had never smoked before and she liked it. It made her dizzy and with the wave of dizziness, producing a throbbing vacuum in her head, she felt a delirious rush of love for Ambler. Reality wavered away and she wanted to turn toward him in the bright, ringing darkness, dwindling small and ethereal in her dizziness, and tell him the things she was feeling. And hold him in her arms, her arms under his armpits and firm against his back, pressing him close against herself. She had seen this embrace in the movies. Of all the redundant, weary caresses, that one had stuck in her mind. It seemed close and right, an embrace of vast comfort.

But she did not speak or move. She had an inward, convulsively painful vision of her face like an overweight moon tied up in a kerchief cavorting and curtseying before Ambler insisting, "I love you. I love you, Ambler. Do you understand that?" She knew that if she did, if she dared tell him this monstrous, blown-up thing, he would be humiliated beyond countenance. His

chagrin and shame at having her tell him such a thing would have been boundless.

Instead Louise said nonchalantly, "I think I'll start smoking. I won't make a habit of it, of course. What would the kids think if they knew?"

"Who would think which?"

"The *kids*. At school, that we smoke."

"They all do, Yoder, they all do."

"Even the student body president, do you think?"

"How would I know? Jesus! I'm not exactly a favorite at court."

They walked on and Ambler said, "I'm going to cut auditorium tomorrow. I'll be damned if I'll listen to that bastard of a vice-principal orate again on intra-mural sports and fornication. We'll go to a movie."

Her mouth took on its accustomed shocked shape, but she only said, "We've cut four times this month already."

"So what? If you're scared, don't come."

"I'll come, Ambler."

"What have you got for the paper this week?"

"A feature on some baby mice in Miss Emslie's department. Miss Lawdalai gave me a special assignment."

"Christ—baby mice! Inspiration, thy name be Yoder. Watch my column this time. I've taken a crack at The Lettermen."

Feeling the delicious and possessive twist of pain for Ambler, Louise said, "Miss Lawdalai'll cut it out. She won't let you put things in that'll cause trouble."

"Please learn not to chortle in my presence, darling. It's rude. I've got that old virgin hypnotized. She thinks I'm Westbrook Pegler."

Louise had not skipped school with Ambler the next day. Miss Emslie had seen the story on the mice and had written a note to Miss Lawdalai; Louise was to come to the lab during auditorium for Miss Emslie had a free period then. "I hope she's not mad about something I put in that story," Louise had said to Ambler. "I'm sorry, I won't be able to go downtown with you."

"Don't get any ideas, Yoder. Nobody, but nobody, asked you to."

Louise had gone to the girls' lavatory to fix her hair and replace her lipstick, a pallid orangish salve. She was fairly certain that Miss Emslie was going to say something nice to her, but superstitiously she kept reminding herself that maybe Miss Emslie would be critical about the story. She might think it was too fanciful, for Louise had made the mice have the feelings of human beings, and had not been scientific enough. Louise pushed open the heavy lavatory doors, looked up and down the hall and saw no one. Then she went back into one of the compartments and took a cigarette out of an elaborate chromium and red enamelled case and tapped it busily on a book. She took a few shallow puffs and threw the cigarette into the water.

Miss Emslie had been scraping old cultures out of bottles into a stained metal sink, and the stench almost overcame Louise. Miss Emslie, dry, thin-walled nostrils desensitized by the constant lab odor of formaldehyde, seemed not to notice. She smiled and her gums showed pleasantly, a pale, healthy pink. Nothing else was pretty or glistening or moist about her anymore, just the delighted pink and white smile that must have been then just the same as when a girl. She wore a smock made of blue linen, and it had huge glass buttons with small flowers frozen and still within the glass like tiny funeral wreaths. Later Miss Emslie had told Louise the buttons came from Persia.

Louise thought, "I wonder what she'd think if she knew I just smoked a cigarette in the john." She said aloud, "I'm Louise Yoder, Miss Emslie," hating the thick sound of her voice saying her own name.

Miss Emslie said, "I'm so glad you could find time to come in, Louise. I wanted to thank you personally for that wonderful feature story on the mice. Father thought it was good, too. We laughed and laughed over it."

She paused as if there were more she wanted to say. Louise tried to think of something to reply, but Miss Emslie went on rather hesitantly. "It isn't very often that someone shows up with as much promise as you. As a teacher, I know. I hope you'll do things with your writing. Not quit."

Now there was something to say. "Thanks," Louise said. "I

hope to." The room seemed very warm, and she heard the fish smacking on the surface of the water and the faucets running in the tanks.

Miss Emslie laughed, and she was really amused. "You know, Louise, the mice have been much more interesting to me since you wrote about them. You made them seem just like, well, this is rather odd, but just like real people."

As if shot point blank, there had been the impact of a bright, bursting explosion inside Louise, and the sparks hot and excruciating pierced into her chest, wounding her. Miss Emslie could not have said a nicer thing. And swooning with the ravishment of this first wound, Louise had rallied to ponder whether she ought to say thanks again and decided against it.

Miss Emslie looked at her very closely and then said the next thing. "I used to write a little."

Recovered now, Louise's eyes wandered guiltily away from Miss Emslie. "You did?"

"Poetry—a little prose. Nothing much." Miss Emslie then repeated earnestly, "I hope you will really go on. Your writing, I mean." She had seemed so anxious to get something, some idea, across to Louise.

Louise's eyes stopped startled upon a fetus curled and blind, a pauper floating in a jar of liquid. She said, "I hope to." She had said that before. Then she said, "Well, I guess I ought to be going, Miss Emslie. I guess I'm still in time for auditorium." She felt pitiful, tipped upside down and floating.

Miss Emslie had looked at the clock just as the long hand jerked forward. Louise had looked, too. The bell ending the period clamored and both of them jumped and laughed. Her excuse for leaving gone, Louise had moved toward the door anyway. Miss Emslie had waited until Louise was almost out into the hall. Then she said, "Do you like music, Louise?"

"Oh, yes," she had said overenthusiastically, the emphatic statement of one who does not really know.

"I've two tickets to the symphony after school. Would you like to go with me?"

Louise had blurted out without considering, "I'd love to, Miss Emslie."

Louise had walked down the hall feeling large and conspicuous

from the back. She pushed her hair away from her neck and found it damp. But all through the discomfiture of the interview was a warm feeling that persisted about Miss Emslie. She had said the mice meant more to her and she had asked her to the concert. Louise began to walk lightly and quickly. She would quit smoking and eating so much, and she would stop skipping classes all the time with Ambler. She would try to be better and be what Miss Emslie thought she was. Later Louise saw Ambler in study hall. He had not cut school that day without her after all. He sent a note by way of several hands. On it was scribbled: "What did the old specimen want?"

Louise wrote back: "I'm going to a concert with her after school." She had watched Ambler read it. He crumpled and threw it down the empty ink well of the desk. He had given no indication that Louise had answered him.

The day Louise went to tea at Miss Emslie's she had worn her green silk dress and the patent leather sandals with the cuban heels to school. Ambler had stopped her at their lockers after the last class. "Come on home with me, Yoder, and we'll write our stuff for the paper together. I pinched a bottle of wine from the old man. Nobody's there and we could drink it and let the immortal prose flow."

"I'm going to Miss Emslie's for tea. To meet her mother and father. Besides my mother wouldn't like me to drink wine. And I don't think you should either, Ambler."

"Sweet Jesus Christ. I don't think—no, I don't think I can stand it." His lip twitched and lifted as he noticed the green silk dress, the bands on the puffed sleeves cutting into the flesh of Louise's arms. "You'll knock them dead." He lurched off. Louise had had no answers for Ambler. There were, after all, no tangible claims to be made—and for him it had been the rebuff for which beforehand he always waited, prepared.

At tea that afternoon Miss Emslie had changed completely. With her mother and father she was a child asked downstairs for company. Queerly Louise felt years older than she. Miss Emslie's father was a tall, pale man of spindly bones. Being sick with some internal, secret thing gave him a hard-surfaced dignity. He called

Louise the young writer and made much over her. Querulously he told Miss Emslie not to eat so many cakes; nevertheless, she had eaten a great number of them and had seemed rather willful about it. Louise could never remember Miss Emslie's mother, not that it would ever matter. All that was retained was the color of her tinted hair piled high, almost voluptuously, like blue summer clouds. It was hard to think that probably it was really dead and grey.

After tea Louise and Miss Emslie went up to her rooms. Miss Emslie said, and she did not make it seem that this was the moment for which she had been waiting, "I thought perhaps you might like to see some of my poetry." She went in certain search for it, her voice coming back muffled from some attic corner. "You know, when I was a young girl, father took me all around the world. My poems are mostly impressions of that." She came out, a cobweb languid and disturbed about her flushed and palely freckled forehead. She carried a sheaf of papers tied together neatly with a black shoestring and handed it to Louise.

Louise bent her head over the papers, and Miss Emslie sat down abruptly opposite her. The room became very still as Louise read. There was a gurgle of digestion. One poem was about a landscape in Persia, another to do with Wordsworth and a lake Miss Emslie had seen on a walk in Scotland, and while Louise read she kept wondering what she would say about them, for Miss Emslie was waiting for an opinion. Louise read desperately in a senseless void, not wanting to skip anything, but still not wanting to take so much time. Miss Emslie's hovering silence was very distracting. Then Louise saw the poem. *To the Camel Boy*. She read it involuntarily, carefully and slowly, and did not know what to do.

> Body dipped in desert gold,
> I saw you bathe this morning
> among the rushes
> in the river.
> Camel Boy, did you know I watched?
> Stood secretly and watched,
> I, a pale, shy girl, did this?

Louise could not raise her head so heavy it seemed with the blood which pounded in her ears. She pretended to go back to re-

read some other piece which had caught her fancy. Had Miss Emslie really done such a thing and on top of it dared to write about it? Did she think of the golden-bodied camel boy when chalk dust was thick in the electric-lit room on two-o'clock afternoons grey with rain and coming night? Louise shuddered with cold, unknown desires and pities that she did not understand. At last she looked up at Miss Emslie who was waiting. No. Either Miss Emslie did not realize that the poem was still there among the papers, or else she no longer had an affinity with herself then. An aging biology teacher would not be involved in such things, such blasting, odd mysteries. She would only, out of spite sometimes, eat too many cupcakes.

Louise said, forming the words with haste, with only a wish to say something and be done with it, "They're awfully good, Miss Emslie. I don't know why you stopped writing."

Miss Emslie laughed, pretending that it was all nonsense and not worth mentioning. "You forget, Louise. This poet is a biology teacher."

"Well, they're really awfully good. Thanks for letting me read them."

Miss Emslie seemed satisfied. She said, when she came back from putting the papers safely away, "Did you notice the one about the camel boy?"

"I may have. . . ."

"I felt quite daring when I wrote that. A literary escapade. You know, the blank verse." She laughed at herself and the long ago fling.

When they were downstairs putting on their hats and coats, for Miss Emslie had decided to walk a way with Louise, she said suddenly and out of context in the narrow hallway, "Louise, I want to tell you something. About yourself. I want to explain something."

In the gloom of the hallway Miss Emslie's face had been close to Louise's. "Yes?" said Louise and swallowed, noticing that she was getting a sore throat. She had to keep herself from backing away, and the odor of tea cakes was wafted along on Miss Emslie's breath.

Her bones had seemed to be of the same bloodless webwork that holds butterfly wings together. Her body tilted widely, trembled

as she sought in the darkening hallway for the idea. Groping the while for her galoshes. . . .

"There are so many wonderful things, Louise. And you are just beginning. Just setting out. You don't know. Good heavens, you just don't know. . . ."

The truth was there, someplace, like a white glowing aster in the gloom to be found somehow, blindly, and the tilting wide clumsy motion was narrowing. One galosh was found. . . .

". . . and so many hurts, Louise. The hurts, too, along with all the wonderful things, and they make up more than half of the whole sometimes. And you're sensitive. . . ."

The tilting wide clumsy motion narrowing, the galoshes both found now and snugly on, narrowing until she was with only a slight pulsing tremor motionless, feeling with thin black threads of legs, gripping tenaciously along the fine white edge of this idea for once and for a little while.

"Don't let the hurts and delights incapacitate you, Louise. Take care!"

Colliding in the motion of reaching for the door, their hands met, and Miss Emslie's hand, a pale blur, was flung up and away into the gloom. The door swung open, and Louise had gulped helplessly at the cold air outside as one saved from suffocation.

"It's chilly out," Miss Emslie had said and with a decisive click snapped her glove tightly to her wrist against the chill.

"Yes. Yes, I think I'm getting a sore throat." And she had caught a backward glimpse of the butterflies mounted in their frames hung high up on the walls of the hallway before the door closed upon them.

Walking on alone after Miss Emslie had turned back home, when the awkwardness had been blunted, Louise thought about what Miss Emslie had said, or had tried to say. And again, as on that first time when Louise had met her, the glow began to warm her. Miss Emslie.

Plans had been made. Everything had been arranged by Miss Emslie for the whole month of August before she had to be back at school for the fall term and Louise was off to college. The sound of students passing up and down the halls had come muted

through the closed doors. Locked within the heavy, fermenting warmth of the lab with the darting fish and the floating, unloved fetus, Louise had heard Miss Emslie's words, nervous like the scuttling of the mice's feet on the newspaper on the floor of their cages. "We'll have the beach house all to ourselves, Louise. Because father is going through the Mayo Brothers' Clinic this summer. He's very ill. Poor father." Like a bad actress Miss Emslie sometimes overmatched her rather scratchy voice to the sentiment of her words. She now made a mechanical shift from sadness to cheer.

"Who knows, perhaps you'll produce a best seller at seventeen!" She used an innocent and blind craft like the mice when they had almost solved the treacherous maze, becoming utterly still in the moment before the decision must be made. "I can help, Louise!" Then plunging through the right door, "Oh, it's going to be a wonderful summer for us. And I won't be in your way because I'll have to be out on the beach most of the time gathering specimens for fall. I need some new algae. We'll just camp out and be lazy and forget there's such a stuffy thing as school. Maybe my muse will even return and I'll have time to dash off a poem or two again."

As Louise had said, "Oh, Miss Emslie, it sounds perfect!" she had known she really did not want to go with her. There was not anyone who would actually endure the harum-scarum discomfiture of spending a whole month alone with Miss Emslie. And mama sitting over a fourth cup of coffee had pulled the tired, disappointed muscles of her face together to give her voracious pride a proper expression. "Imagine. The teacher taking you with her on a vacation and paying the expenses. That's something, Louise. That's something that doesn't happen to every pupil!"

Parents were supposed to help, and with a baffled, guilty anger Louise had turned away. "Oh, mama! It's only Miss Emslie." That had been when the first step was taken.

Not until the last day of school had Louise finally known that she would not be going to the beach for August with Miss Emslie. When she had known and the necessary betrayal had become complete, she only wished that everything could be put back the way it had been and that August and its wonderful decisions still

had a future and intact existence. Louise could have put up with Miss Emslie's funny, little ways for that short a time, and now she would have to go alone. Or not go.

The package tied in orange and silver paper had been on the shelf of her locker when Louise came to clean it out for the last time. The card read: "Lura F. Emslie." Louise took it down and held it, a light silent package. She visualized something dull and gleaming hidden within white cotton. In the empty, quiet hall Ambler's leg had scraped along the clean cork floor. Louise had held the package behind her protectingly.

"What have you got?" Ambler asked halting before her.

"Nothing. Just a package from Miss Emslie. I suppose it's a graduation gift. She shouldn't have. Especially when she's taking me to the beach in August."

Ambler grabbed for the package.

"What are you doing, Ambler?"

He knocked it from her hands, enraged, for he had calculated so carefully, and now she was surprisingly lost to him. Shaken by a sudden infuriating sorrow, he committed the defilement in order that there would no longer be the necessity for sorrow. And Louise had stooped and reached for the package, reaching for the obscene word through deep heavy currents of leaden water.

Ambler had leaned down over her, whispering so that no one would overhear, for he would not wish to have this interrupted before it was played out to his entire satisfaction. "You're so stupid, Yoder, you don't even know what that word means, do you? Ask her!"

"I won't go to the beach with her, Ambler. I never wanted to go! I've been trying to think of a way to get out of it."

Twisting around she had put her hand out toward him and tried to tell him how grateful she was to him, how much it meant that he had spoken to her and not to the girl across the aisle. He was worth a thousand Miss Emslies. She would even drink wine with him and not disapprove so much if that was what he wished her to do. To make him sure of this, she had then made him the vow of love which Miss Emslie had been too timid to make except in a cool, small poem to some forgotten boy. Louise spoke the ultimate and sacrificial words. She had said, "She gives me the creeps."

"*She* gives *you* the creeps! Sweet Jesus!"

That was all. She had begun to run, her legs becoming thick, pumping futilely, her body tapering up and away to a thin head bobbing and swaying like a comic head in a carnival parade. By herself again she had looked at the small gift in her shaking hand. High school was over. And Louise had known even then, in that first moment reeling from the sickening blow which had just been struck, that sometime she was going to have to understand what really had been done to Miss Emslie, for whom it was the end of June in only one year in a lifetime of recurrent, forever dying Septembers. Miss Emslie, Miss Emslie.

## LINES

By James Binney

Swindlers far away,
no sobs, no tears,
Robin Hood and Jesse James
are lost in years.

Captain Kidd said, "Hell,
we'll have the lady swing."
Enough for laughter now
or anything.

Let all the centuries sleep,
but not rare fun,
murder's a fascinating thing
when it is done.

King Henry Eight was fat,
his sheriffs, dour and mean,
from hanging sixty thousand men
were muscular and lean.

And so some thousands died,
What difference is found?
Had Henry been three times a saint,
they'd still be underground.

Blood, skeletons are cold,
colder still is rhyme;
balm for lovers turned away
is time.

# Peyote and Colorado's inquisition law

OMER C. STEWART

Peyote is a little spineless cactus that has caused much controversy because those who eat it often receive marvelous visions in technicolor. Before Columbus discovered the New World, the aborigines here had learned to use this cactus during their rituals and had developed an elaborate mythology explaining its supernatural creation. Later I suppose some Christians disliked the idea of having beautifully colored visions during religious services since these Christians passed special discriminatory laws against peyote.

The first, enacted on the twenty-ninth of June, 1620, was published in the City of Mexico, and stated:

> We, the Inquisitors against heretical perversity and apostasy . . . by virtue of apostalic authority . . . [declare]:
>
> Inasmuch as the use of the herb or root called Peyote has been introduced into these Provinces for the purpose of detecting thefts, of divining other happenings and of foretelling future events, it is an act of superstition condemned as opposed to the purity and integrity of our Holy Catholic Faith. This is certain because neither the said herb or any other can possess the virtue or inherent quality of producing the effects claimed, nor can any cause the mental images, fantasies and hallucinations on which the above stated divinations are based. In these latter are plainly perceived the suggestion and intervention of the Devil, the real author of this vice, who first avails himself of the natural credulity of the Indians and their tendency to idolatry, and later strikes down many other persons too little disposed to fear God and of very little faith. . . . As our duty imposes upon us the obligation to put a stop to this vice . . . [we] have decreed the issuing of the present edict . . . by which we admonish you and summon you to obedience . . . under penalty of anathema . . . and other pecuniary and corporal penalties within our discretion. We order that henceforth no person of whatever rank or social condition can or may make use of the said herb, Peyote, . . . nor shall he make the Indians or any other person take them. . . .

It is not easy to discover the true relationship between similar acts which are separated by centuries and by great distances. How

could one know the real reasons for the prohibition of peyote in Mexico and again in Colorado. When Representative Clem Crowley of Denver introduced House Bill 4, on January 11, 1917, designed to prohibit the use of peyote in Colorado, he was probably unaware of the precedent set nearly three hundred years earlier by the Inquisitors of New Spain. The laws are really quite different, yet they convey a similar impression. The recent law, which was passed by the Colorado Legislature without a dissenting vote on February 21 and signed by Governor Julius C. Gunter on February 28, 1917, states, in part, as follows (as reproduced in Sections 23, 24, and 25 of Chapter 58, *1935 Colorado Statutes Annotated*):

*Anhalonium, or peyote, declared dangerous.* It is hereby declared in the police and sovereign power of the State of Colorado that the use of anhalonium, or peyote, within this state is dangerous to the life, liberty, property, health, education, morals, and safety of the citizens of this state, and is inconsistent with the good order, peace, and safety of the state.

*Sale, gift or barter unlawful.* No person, association, or corporation shall, within this state, use or sell or keep for sale, or give away, dispose of, exchange, barter, or otherwise furnish any anhalonium, or peyote, . . . to any person whomsoever; . . .

*Penalty.* Any person, agent, employee, [etc.] . . . who shall violate any of the provisions of the two preceding sections . . . shall . . . be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred (100) dollars nor more than three hundred (300) dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than thirty (30) days nor more than six (6) months . . . [For] every second and subsequent offense . . . the person . . . shall be imprisoned in the state penitentiary at hard labor not less than one year nor more than three years. . . .

The report in the *Denver Post* of January 12, 1917, contributes further to the sense of parallelism between these two laws because it explains somewhat the motivations for the Colorado law. There are a number of intriguing notions stimulated by such a news item, not the least coming from the headline: DENVER WOMEN FIGHTING TO STOP DOPE LEAF TRADE AMONG COLORADO INDIANS. Justifications for the law were presented as follows:

. . . women of this city and in all parts of the state have taken up the

fight which is being made to stop the traffic among the Indians in "peyote," the dried leaf of the cactus, which is similar in its effect to opium or cocaine. . . .

According to Mrs. Brown, societies which have interested themselves in the welfare of the Indians have discovered that peyote is killing dozens of Indians yearly. The "peyote" eater has dreams and visions as pleasing as those of a "hop-head." To get a better hold on their victims, the peyote peddlers have lent a religious tone to the ceremony of eating the drug, so that the peyote is worshiped in a semi-barbaric festival before the orgy is held.

Owing to the fact that the federal drug act does not cover the sale of it, peddlers have been spreading it all over the country. From the Indian reservations, where its use is most prevalent, it had spread to a number of communities of Negroes and white men are now learning to use it, says Mrs. Brown.

Although "the Ministerial Alliance of Denver, representing 126 churches" and the W.C.T.U. were listed as supporters of the "crusade to check the 'peyote habit,' " I would not propose that these could be considered counterparts of the Inquisitors of Mexico, the religious promulgators of the 1620 law. Furthermore the Colorado legislation was sponsored by such secular organizations as the P.T.A., the Women's Club, the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, in addition to the religious supporters.

Laws against religions appear to be as difficult to enforce as laws against drinking alcoholic beverages; consequently, in spite of the best intentions of the reformers of Mexico and of Colorado, peyotism still flourishes. The peyote religion of Mexico continues and the peyote cult persists among the Ute Indians of Colorado. Periodically someone recommends a national law to accomplish what a number of state laws have failed to do. Today, however, there are loud voices raised against legislation which would prohibit the use of peyote because the Indian members of the peyote religion and many non-Indians protest that such legislation abridges religious freedom. Peyotists and anthropologists who have studied peyotism thoroughly believe the use of peyote is not injurious to the mind or body as it is used in the peyote religion.

Today there are marked differences of opinion regarding the effects of peyote on those who use it. In fact, during the entire history of our knowledge of the peyote plant, sometimes called anhalonium or mescal, there have always been these sharply diver-

gent opinions. At times the peyote plant itself has seemed a mystery and at least two dozen names have been applied to the cactus the Aztecs called *Peyotl.*

In 1577 the famous Spanish botanist Francisco Hernandez wrote that *peyotl* intoxicated like the "best wine" and reported that the Indians of northern Mexico used it in curing ceremonies. At least five other Spanish chroniclers before 1600 mention the use of peyote by the aborigines as a medicine, in connection with native religion, or simply as an interesting plant. When the Inquisitors prohibited the use of peyote in 1620, they appear to have ignored completely the opinions and observations of the natural scientist Hernandez or the historical writer Juan de Cardenas or the Bishop Bernardino de Sahagun, who had reported the vision-producing action of the peyote. It would have been asking too much of the Inquisitors to expect them to respect the religious freedom of the native American Indian, but they could have prohibited the use of peyote and even attributed it to the Devil without falsifying the record of the intoxicating and vision-producing qualities of the "diabolic root."

Unfortunately the pattern set by the seventeenth century Spanish Inquisitors in Mexico appears to have been duplicated many times since then. The conflicting interpretations put forth by churchmen and by scholars, for example, have been the rule. Most reports for the period 1577 to 1890 are from Mexico and either describe peyote as a native herb used in aboriginal ceremonial and worship or condemn it as a harmful drug. There are about forty such references to the peyote cult before it became generally known in the United States following the reports of the cult of the Kiowa Indians by James Mooney, of the Bureau on American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute, in 1892 and 1896. Some botanical and pharmacological articles were printed about peyote in the United States earlier. There has been an ever increasing literature on the subject since 1890, which can be classified into two general categories. These two can be sub-divided, of course, according to the weight assigned various facts, opinions, and values.

First, some more facts about the plant itself. Peyote (*Lophophora Williamsii* [Lemaire] Coulter) is a cactus which grows a root about like a carrot, but above ground exhibits a round spine-

less soft dome only an inch or so high. The whole plant may be eaten. The spongy-green crown may be consumed fresh or may be cut off and be dried and taken later either as a hard, brittle "button" or brewed into a "tea." The active alkaloids are extremely soluble. The cactus grows in the open fields on both sides of the Rio Grande below El Paso. Peyote is actively shipped to all parts of the United States, including Colorado, to be grown in the private miniature cactus gardens in hundreds of homes. I have seen the peyote in dozens of florist shops as well as in the "five and dime stores." Certainly neither the buyers nor the sellers realize they are committing a misdemeanor and are eligible for "six (6) months" free board and room in the county jail. Many Indians recognize the peyote plants on the market and in colder climates keep the potted cactus in their homes.

The dried "button" is the one distributed for use in the peyote rituals. There is some question whether it can be shipped legally into Colorado and the nine other western states having anti-peyote statutes. Mr. N. R. Abrams, assistant Postmaster General, on December 23, 1954, wrote that "Peyote . . . is classed as mailable." Whether it is admitted for shipment or not is not of vital importance because missionary-peddlers in pick-up trucks gather and dry large quantities in the "peyote gardens" and then take extended tours to the faithful believers as far north as Saskatchewan and Alberta, Canada, and west to Oregon and California. A few Indians support themselves as full-time peyote missionary-peddlers, selling some peyote but more frequently supplying the dried cactus to be used for the "sacrament" during religious service and then receiving the free-will offering at the end of the all-night ritual. In addition there has developed within the membership a strong desire for everyone to try to visit the "peyote gardens" whenever possible. It is a popular vacation trip. The tourist-pilgrims may leave Towaoc, Colorado, or Fort Hall, Idaho, or Pine Ridge, South Dakota, and visit with other peyotists on the way at Taos, New Mexico, or Tama, Iowa, or Mayetta, Kansas, before reaching the historic and present center of the cult in Oklahoma. El Reno, Calumet, Red Rock, Quapaw, Pawnee, McLaud, Hominy, and Clinton are a few of the peyotist centers in Oklahoma where extended visiting and ceremonial activity may be indulged in on the way to and from the Texas cactus fields. Anti-

peyote state laws seem not to have inhibited this distribution of peyote by traveling Indians.

It is less strange that the Inquisitors of New Spain should have learned about the peyote cult in 1620 in Mexico than it is that the W.C.T.U. should have learned of it in Colorado in 1917. There seems little doubt that Indians south of the Rio Grande had had a vigorous peyote cult for centuries before the Spanish arrived in the New World, but it is still uncertain whether the Indians of Colorado even knew of the cult in 1917. A few Ute Indians at Navajo Springs, the old agency near Cortez, Colorado, may have become converted to peyotism as early as 1910, but neither the Ute agency officials nor the traders to the Ute knew about it. As late as 1919, when the U. S. government circulated a questionnaire on the subject, the authorities responsible for Indians in Colorado reported that the use of peyote was unknown in the state.

One might ask why the Denver society ladies and the Denver Ministerial Alliance should "crusade to check the 'peyote habit,' among the Indians," as reported in the *Denver Post,* if the use of peyote was not known in the State?

A knowledge of the history of legislation against peyote nationwide helps to explain why there was a crusade in Colorado. Colorado appears to have followed a national pattern. To understand this pattern, it is essential to realize that the Bureau of Indian Affairs from its origin in the 1830's until 1933 was very strongly influenced by American missionary societies. During the last two decades of the nineteenth century and the first three decades of the twentieth, most top officials, both on the reservations and in Washington, were appointed from the ranks of the various organized missionary groups. For decades before 1930 all education on reservations was directly in the hands of the Christian missionaries.

It was only natural that men dedicated to converting Indians to some Christian sect should disapprove of the introduction and growth of a native cult which had added the name of Christ and a few Christian concepts, but which remained only semi-Christian in some theology and remained wholly pagan in ritual. Christian missionaries heard about the all-night ritual and the eating of peyote, but very few missionaries or officials participated with the

Indians in the ceremony. To attend a peyote meeting might have been interpreted as giving approval to a pagan cult. The second-hand accounts of the effects of the cactus and of the behavior during the ritual were certainly distorted, judging from a comparison of accounts published by missionaries and those produced by anthropologists after visiting and joining in the ceremony. In 1891 James Mooney was the first anthropologist who ate peyote and observed the serious religious emotion and devout atttude it produced. He was shocked neither by the mild color visions he experienced nor by the all-night drumming and singing. He remarked, as have more than a dozen other anthropological participant-observers, myself included, that prayers addressed to Jesus, God, Mary, and Peyote were fervent and sincere. Even the government officials who responded to the 1919 Indian Affairs questionnaire said the Indians "claim that their use of peyote is primarily a religious rite, and that peyote is both a sacrament and a divine medicine." The government document in 1922 which summarized the 1919 study and gave many statements condemning peyote has the following paragraph under the sub-heading "The Attitude of Missionaries": "To the missionary peyote is more than a physiological problem, more than a social problem. It is more than another 'dope' problem to be disposed of by legislating it into the class of drugs covered by the national narcotic law. It is, as one writer stated, 'a system of pagan worship, inimical to Christianity, which has its roots deep into the historic past of the red race, and because of this it makes the strongest kind of an appeal to the Indians. . . .' To the missionary the use of peyote is paganism arrayed against Christianity—the power of a drug against the elevating influence of the cross." Although published in 1922, the point of view expressed above is characteristic of U. S. Indian Service officials and of American missionaries to the Indians from 1890 to the present.

It was just such attitudes which led the Christian missionaries to seek legislation prohibiting use of peyote almost as soon as the cult became known. The first such law was enacted in Oklahoma in 1899 but was repealed in 1908, under pressure from the Indians. Anti-peyote bills introduced in the Oklahoma legislature in 1909 and in 1927 were not passed. The *Daily Oklahoman* of Oklahoma City for August 24, 1954, reports that Rev. Ted Reynolds

and others wish "to stamp out peyote and the peyote church . . . and . . . are seeking to ban this plant from Indian usage. . . ."

In 1913 peyote was declared a harmful narcotic and prohibited by the Nevada legislature, and in 1916 bills were introduced in both houses of the U. S. Congress in an attempt to enact a federal anti-peyote law. It was undoubtedly a part of a well-organized national campaign which caused both state and federal bills to be introduced which were intended to eliminate the use of peyote as a sacrament or as an Indian medicine. Without access to the files of the Home Missions Council of North America it is not possible to know whether the crusades for state laws were planned originally to run simultaneously with the campaign for a Federal law against peyote or whether the effort for prohibition by states was started after the failure to get the 1916 federal law passed. Both Utah and Colorado enacted anti-peyote laws in February, 1917.

Federal bills to prohibit use or transportation of peyote have been introduced in Congress eight different times (the last in 1937) and each time have failed to pass. Thus according to the U. S. Government Narcotic Act the use, sale, importation, and transportation of peyote is permitted. The Federal Congress has not been convinced that peyote is harmful. A few quotations from a document on peyote prepared by Mr. Charles West, then Assistant Secretary of the Interior, and containing statements from nine anthropologists and an Osage chief, all experienced with peyote, make clear why the anti-peyote bill did not pass.

Professor Franz Boas of Columbia University said peyote "has never had a detrimental effect on the health of the people" and opposed the last federal bill because it "would be a serious interference with their religious freedom." Furthermore, according to Boas, "Peyote has been one of the means which has facilitated the transition from primitive beliefs to an amalgamation with Christianity." Unlike Boas, most opponents of peyotism can see no value to a semi-Christian cult, and, in fact, they are more tolerant of completely pagan forms of worship.

Professor A. L. Kroeber, anthropologist at the University of California, from his research among the Arapahoe, and Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, Smithsonian Institution, from his "medical researches" among the Huicholes of Mexico, both reported that peyote was not habit-forming. Hrdlicka, an M. D. as well as an anthropol-

ogist, put it thus: "They had been using peyote since time immemorial, and . . . there were no traces of any abuse of the drug, or of any addiction to it, or of any harm produced by its use."

Statements similar to the above could be multiplied. Personally, I have used peyote seven times. I have known dozens of Indians who have eaten peyote regularly for two to twenty years and have then stopped using it without difficulty or visible effect. The fact that the Indians eat the peyote only in ceremonies which they attend not oftener than once a week, and may attend at intervals months apart, indicates that peyote is not habit-forming.

That peyote is used almost exclusively in religious ritual is attested to by the same authorities listed above.

Professor Kroeber made another interesting observation concerning peyote and religious freedom: "When this nation adopted prohibition nearly twenty years ago, specific exemption was made of wine for sacramental use. . . . Peyote is integral to the one sacrament around which the whole peyote religion is built."

Under the direction of John Collier, during the administration of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Office of Indian Affairs tried to protect the right to religious freedom even for the pagans among the American Indians. Commissioner Collier suppressed the famous report published by the Indian Bureau condemning peyote which I quote above and sent instructions to all reservations that even non-Christian Indians could worship as they wished. Although the Indian Service was able to aid in the defeat of the federal anti-peyote law proposed in 1937, mentioned above, it accepted a strong anti-peyote law enacted by the Navajo Tribal Council in 1940. When submitting the Navajo tribal law to the Secretary of Interior for approval Commissioner Collier wrote: "I am now recommending your approval of this Navajo anti-peyote ordinance, not because peyote is a deleterious, habit-forming drug—which according to the greatly preponderating evidence it is not—but because the authority of the Navajo Tribal Council to prevent the introduction of this substance on the reservation should be respected."

The Navajo tribal law has proved to be no more effective in stopping the conversion of the Navajo Indians to peyotism than has the New Mexico state law passed in 1929 and still in effect. From all we can learn at present, a few Navajoes participated

with the Ute, their next-door neighbors, during the whole history of the cult in Colorado, starting about 1916 or 1917. During the 1930's when hundreds of different Navajo Indians worked for short periods in CCC camps on the Ute Reservation and during which time many Ute peyotists and missionary-peddlers from Oklahoma invited Navajoes to attend peyote meetings, the peyote cult spread onto the Navajo Reservation. Beginning about 1935 some Navajoes themselves became peyote priests and converted other Navajoes to peyotism in a steadily increasing number in spite of the tribal and state laws and in spite of the active opposition by all the Christian missionaries on the reservation. As of 1955 between seven and ten thousand Navajoes belonged to the peyote religion.

The Inquisitors of 1620 called the peyote cult the instrument of the devil. The *Denver Post* of 1917 reported "that peyote is killing dozens of Indians yearly" and that it "is similar in its effect to opium or cocaine." *Time* of June 18, 1951, continued this tradition by quoting the report of a medical missionary regarding a "peyote hassle" among the Navajos and "sex crimes, some against children, committed under the influence of peyote." In protest to the *Time* article, anthropologist David P. McAllester of Wesleyan University wrote: "A peyote meeting is not a 'party' or 'hassle' or any other kind of orgy, but a religious ceremony during which more time is spent on long prayers and the singing of sacred songs than in the consumption of peyote . . ." Social scientists have studied the Navajo peyote cult for three years and have found it to be a regular conforming example of the peyote cult as it exists among many other tribes. An old familiar pattern of unintentional slander because of receiving false information has been repeated by the Christian missionaries to the Navajo.

Without exception that I am aware of and continuing for three hundred years, social and natural scientists have reported peyote as a non-habit forming, harmless intoxicant which was used as a sacrament in a pagan or semi-Christian native cult. During the same period churchmen have declared peyote harmful and have enacted laws or requested laws to stop the use of peyote in any form for any purpose. In spite of nine failures to have the federal congress enact peyote prohibition laws, there are individuals and groups still seeking such laws. As a result of Christian missionary

pressure the Bureau of Indian Affairs has sought further tests to try to determine more objectively whether peyote might be sufficiently harmful to warrant its ban. All such tests so far have produced no evidence that peyote is dangerous to health or mind as generally used by the Indians, and peyote remains off the federal narcotic acts of the United States, of Mexico, and of Canada.

Strangely enough, however, when two federal government hospitals for the treatment of drug addiction were established in 1929 the law setting them up designated peyote addicts as eligible for forced treatment. Any judge or jury might sentence any drug addict to these federal hospitals for an enforced cure. During the first ten years of operation, about 12,000 narcotic addicts were treated. Of these about two dozen were Indians. Significantly, however, separate letters from the directors of the two hospitals, reported: "No peyote addicts have been treated." Since it is known that at least 40,000 Indians were regularly using peyote during the time covered by the above reports and since the law allows any judge to send any addict to the hospitals for a cure, peyote must *not* be like opium or cocaine.

The peyotists have been legally organized and chartered by a number of states, beginning with the Native American Church of Oklahoma in 1918 and concluding at last report with the Native American Church of Canada in Saskatchewan, November 3, 1954, and a new sect in North Dakota, January 7, 1955. Eleven other states have issued charters to the several denominations of peyotists. Nearly all organized and incorporated groups and most of the individual peyotists are affiliated with the Native American Church of the United States. This church has national officers elected for 1955 from Oklahoma, New Mexico, Wisconsin, and Nebraska and holds an annual national convention, the twelfth annual meeting being scheduled for Scottsbluff, Nebraska, June 28-July 1, 1956.

A fitting conclusion for this peyote problem might be a defense of peyotism made in the official publication of the peyotist church. The *Quarterly Bulletin* of the Native American Church recently published the following information to justify the opinion that peyote is not a narcotic: "A narcotic is habit forming; the body acquires an increased tolerance for it; the body becomes physiologically dependent upon it: there are withdrawal symptoms when

the person stops taking it. . . . No matter how long or how often we have used peyote, we don't have to take it regularly, . . . we don't have to steadily increase the amount of peyote we take, . . . our body does not come to depend upon it, . . . when we stop using it for a short or long time, our body (including our nerves) does not become upset."

There also appeared in the April, 1956, issue of the *Quarterly Bulletin* of the Native American Church this statement:

> After reading the article, "Is Peyote a Narcotic?" in the last issue of the bulletin, one of the foremost authorities on the subject wrote to the editor. He is Dr. Humphrey Osmond, Superintendent of the Saskatchewan Hospital, Weyburn, Saskatchewan. In his letter of February 14, 1956, he says: "My colleague, Dr. Hoffer, and I, who have done I suppose more research on the psychophysiological aspects of this than anyone in Canada, frequently express this viewpoint and emphasize that all the evidence that we have suggests that Peyote is wholly beneficial and in no way a drug of addiction. It cannot even be defined in that way since it does not have the essential compelling qualities or the withdrawal symptoms."

It may not be correct to designate as an inquisition law any law which is designed solely to stop a small, obscure half-pagan American Indian religion and which uses falsehoods and half-truths as justification for its enactment. But it does appear that both the old and newer laws were enacted to serve the same purpose. Furthermore, the announced reasons for prohibiting peyote in Mexico and in Colorado were based on misinformation, not on facts. Now that objective information is available, it would appear appropriate for the Colorado Legislature to begin to reconsider its anti-peyote act.

## MOWING THE LAWN

By George Abbe

Across this sheen of whirl and daisies
glazing the cordial flurr of sun,
spun in lower dark of worm,
turned to upper curve of bird wing—

birds around, branches dancing,
lance of steel in daisies shorn;
storm of gold and green vortex;
reflex: hurry, love, and humming.

Metal, metal, tender in cutting,
whetting the edge of all men's summers;
wonder of Junes, the hot spore
stored at the root; the sticking soil.

Grass, grass, green as my heart-beat
fleet with the hurry of Jesus' pain;
rain of his pleasure, cut grass leaping,
deep as his freshness along men's veins—

green as his vortex of pity cut,
shut from earth of answering love.
Give, earth; teach; rejoin my brain
to his thought, his gold daisy clash

brash as sun and humus scent,
blended of spore and love and heat,
sweet-clicking, low, and metal bright
as the tight nails I rip free

from his tree of death, his builder hands,
glad that the concept of crucifix
is myth; there is only his joyous striding.

## BROOK REVISITED

By Fred Cogswell

There where the brook
shallows to run,
under the fading sun
I paused to look

at the amber flow,
and over the stones
rippled the same low tones
heard years ago,

and there at last
the trout I took
cool from the friendly brook
in my boyish past

had revenge on me,
hooked like a fish
by cruel barbs of wish
and memory.

# The afternoon job

SYLVAN KARCHMER

During the depression my father took sick, and my mother not only had to serve as his nurse, for our family budget did not allow her to hire one, but she was forced to accept whatever financial assistance my brother and I could offer her. This was when I was eleven and he thirteen. Naturally there was little we could do, but under his direction we managed from time to time to bring in the various sums of money which were so necessary to her. We sold *Saturday Evening Posts,* cut the lawns of the rich people who lived on South Boulevard, and carried a paper route on some of the streets off Forest Avenue. However, when my brother got a steady job at the A & P and I was left on my own, I found I could do nothing. I was considered too frail to handle a heavy lawn mower, and after a narrow escape from colliding with a truck on Oakland Street I gave up the route.

To be sure, I kept up the fiction of looking for jobs but I didn't try too hard. It was easier to stop at the Hulsey lot afternoons after school and work out with the boys, or else, on the days when my father felt like it, to play chess with him. It was his favorite game, which he had taught me when I was in the second grade, and by now it was no wonder that I knew all his prize moves. I had taught some of the fellows in the gang to play but none of them ever beat me.

Yet no matter how much I liked the game I never could enjoy one with him, particularly in the afternoon. His ailment had something to do with that. He was always coughing, and his pain in such moments was more than I could stand. Too I felt vaguely uneasy about sitting there with him when I should have been out earning money for the family. Not that either he or my mother said anything to me, but the feeling nevertheless was there.

During the day the cough was bad enough, but to awake at night and hear him gasping for breath was like finding myself in a cauldron of boiling oil.

If I tried to help my mother she would send me back to bed, for

no doubt she disliked having me see how she used the hypo needle on him. She had learned to give the injections and that was a great saving for her, but the effort always seemed too much for her.

Back in bed, I would listen, tossing all the while until my father became quiet. It was a point of honor with me not to fall asleep until he stopped coughing. I used to wonder how my brother could sleep so soundly with all the noise going on, but then, I knew, he had nothing on his conscience.

One October afternoon when I came home from school my mother said, "Steve, I was in the grocery store today and Mrs. Baugh came up to me. She has a real money proposition for you."

The Baughs lived on South Boulevard in a big red house with a wide open porch. There was a tremendous lawn which once my brother and I had been commissioned to cut. It took us all of a hot Saturday and I remember while we were slaving out in the sun that Ricky Baugh, a boy about my own age, who went to a private school on the north side, came out and heckled us about patches of grass that we had missed.

"It's a chance to make some money," said my mother.

"What is the proposition?" I asked. Somehow I felt that it concerned Ricky whom I hated. I wasn't mistaken. Mrs. Baugh had told my mother it would be nice if Ricky and I could play together. "I don't think playing with him would be good," I said dubiously. My mother's face fell. "At least you can talk to her," she said. I knew she was thinking about the money. How could she keep from it?

That night after supper Mrs. Baugh came by in her Packard and drove me around the block while she discussed Rickey. He needed a new friend like me, she explained, someone who was courteous and well-mannered and had nice habits and all that. I didn't say anything but listened and waited for her to mention money. It finally came out—fifty cents an hour. While she was talking about Ricky and how much being an only son had handicapped him in associating with boys his own age, I was figuring how much I would make. Something close to eight dollars a week, I counted, and with that much money to think about, I just stopped listening to everything she said about Ricky.

The next afternoon after school I walked over to the Baugh

house and sat on the front step to wait for Ricky. From down the street I could hear the gang playing scrub on the Hulsey lot. As was always the case in such moments, freedom seemed more desirable than it actually was. I didn't have to wait for Ricky long.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. He didn't even try to be friendly, for he did not know about the financial transaction between Mrs. Baugh and me.

"I thought you'd like to play some catch," I said.

He loved playing ball, and, though we seldom let him, he was always coming around to the Hulsey lot to play scrub with us. He looked at me closely now, not sure how to take me. Finally he decided I would do. "Shall I wait outside for you?" I asked. "No," he said, "come on in with me." He had a way of talking out of the corner of his mouth. It made him even more disagreeable than he was, if that were possible.

I followed him into the kitchen, where he threw his books on the white table. "Your mother said for you to have a glass of milk and some cake," said the cook to him. She invited me to have some too. "Hey," said Ricky when we were at the breakfast room table, "how come he gets a bigger slice than I do?"

"Now you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the cook.

"I want just as big a slice as he has," said Ricky. That was Ricky Baugh all over, but I had already decided not to let his selfishness bother me. We finished our refreshments and went into the backyard to play catch. He had enough equipment for a whole team. He selected a glove and told me to have one; then he walked over to the fence so that he had the sun behind him. Now he was ready to play.

Whenever he missed a ball—and this was practically every other time—he would call out of the corner of his mouth, "What's the matter—can't you throw a straight ball?" At first I answered him back, but he wasn't any good no matter what kind of ball I gave him; however, just to persuade myself that I was really earning my money, I deliberately missed some of his pitches. After a while he got to believing that he was good and he decided we ought to do something else. I suggested chess, which he couldn't play, though he did know parcheesi and checkers. We ended up with checkers and I beat him two games before he knew what was happening. In the third game after I jumped two of his men in a row, he

upset the board on purpose and then said calmly, "Let's start over—"

It was a pretty cheap thing to do, but that's how he operated. We both picked up the men from the floor, though I had to get most of them. We set up the board again. "Now play fair," he had the gall to say. Just then I heard the clock from the hallway strike and I knew I had earned fifty cents. It made me feel so good that I let him beat me the next two games and when I left at five-thirty he told me to come back the next afternoon.

At home I walked right into my father's room and suggested some chess. For the first time since my brother had found his job at the A & P, I knew I could look him in the eye. We played a game while he ate his supper.

Next day Ricky and I played checkers and after winning four games he felt in such a good mood that he invited me down to the drug store for an ice cream cone. On the way back we passed the Hulsey lot where the gang was playing. Ed Roberts saw me and called. I couldn't leave Ricky and I knew it wouldn't be a good idea for him to join them. Ricky himself, however, insisted that we go up. We played about fifteen minutes and then he accused Ed of throwing him a low ball; they argued for a while, with Ricky yelling louder than the rest of the boys. Finally he was out-voted, not only out-voted but told to leave the game. I really couldn't blame the boys—they were a swell bunch even if their folks didn't have the dough that Ricky's had.

At first Ricky wouldn't leave but when he saw that all of them were against him, he just kicked the ground with his right foot for a while before he decided he'd better leave. "Let's go," he called to me as he turned toward the curb.

"Just a minute," I answered, trying to stand on my dignity. I didn't want the boys to think I was being pushed around.

"We're better off without him," said Ed. I agreed but silently.

"Are you coming?" Ricky yelled to me.

"I gotta go," I said to the boys and left. "Cheap trash," he said as we crossed the street. I kept quiet—I couldn't afford to cross him. Besides it was only four-thirty and I wanted to make another fifty cents this afternoon. "What shall we do?" I asked. He thought of chess, and when I reminded him that he couldn't play, he said I could teach him. I tried to get out of it because I didn't

want him learning all of my father's moves, but he was determined to know the game, chiefly, I think, to show off his own father's set —which was beautiful all right, all black and white ivory, with the king standing about four inches high. At home we played with a seventy-five-cent set that I had bought at Van Winkle's Variety Store.

It wasn't easy teaching Ricky, and for the next five afternoons I certainly earned my money. By now he insisted upon playing what he called a regular game, though I knew he wasn't ready yet, but he kept after me until I finally agreed. We were on his front porch just starting a game when Ed and Harry walked by. "Golly," said Ed when they came up. "What a good-looking set."

"Don't touch them," said Ricky.

"I wasn't getting ready to touch them," said Ed. They watched Ricky make one foolish move after another. "I thought you could play," said Ed.

"You just watch me," said Ricky. "I'll beat Steve—"

"Not Steve," said Ed. "He's too good for you—"

That made Ricky mad. The idea that he couldn't win disturbed him. He raised his head and talked out of the corner of his mouth. "Wanna bet?"

"Sure," said Ed. "I'll bet you my fielder's glove." He had bought it with saving stamps and it cost him two whole books. "You bet one of your gloves against it?" he asked.

I saw where the argument was headed and tried to talk them out of it by explaining that Ricky was still learning the game. "Who's learning?" asked Ricky. "I can beat you right now."

I tried again but it didn't do any good. I couldn't let Ed lose his glove so I played straight but not trying too hard. I decided to stretch it out a bit but I knew I'd get Ricky in the end; however, he went to pieces and made every possible mistake. Checkmate was just two moves ahead when he finally saw it and then he did a typical thing: he kicked the board from underneath with his foot, pretending it was an accident. The pieces scattered over the porch floor. Of course I could have replaced them because I knew the exact position of every piece, but he kept protesting that his queen was there or his king's bishop belonged someplace else and though I knew he was wrong, just as he was about everything else,

I couldn't have a fight with him there. Finally Ed got disgusted and said to us, "Let's go. He couldn't play fair if he wanted to."

I got up too, feeling pretty disgusted. "You'd better help me put the men away," said Ricky.

I didn't answer but I knew I was still on duty. I started to pick up some of the pieces. "I'll see you fellows," I called out to Ed and Harry.

After they had gone Ricky turned on me. "Why didn't you let me win?" he asked.

"Why should I let you win?" I said coldly.

"You know why," he said. No doubt in his own evil way he had found out what the arrangements were. When he saw me ready to leave again he said, "You'd better not go now."

"I'll leave anytime I want," I told him.

"You won't get paid then," he said.

"All right," I replied, "I won't get paid."

"And you'd better not set foot on this porch again," he said.

"I wouldn't for a thousand dollars."

He laughed right in my face. "I bet you would," he said softly. "I bet you'd come back if my mother called you."

I didn't bother to answer but left. It felt good just walking along the street. It was like being out of a jail. Only when I came up the steps of our apartment did I realize what I had done. I could hear my father's heavy cough. I leaned against the door waiting until he could breathe evenly again. My mother was busy with towels and the hypo and did not notice me. It made her a little sick to jab him in the arm, I knew, and I preferred not to see her just then. After it was over I walked into the kitchen where she had started to make supper. "You're home early," she said. Her voice sounded anxious. "Aren't you early, Steve?"

I didn't reply. "Nothing's happened, has it, Steve?" she asked. I just shook my head in a vague kind of way that didn't tell her anything, but she kept after me all evening and before I went to bed, while I was pulling off my stockings, she came into our room and asked me again, and this time I told her that it wasn't a good job for me and I didn't think I could go back.

"Oh Steve," she said, "all you have to do is play a few hours in the afternoons with him."

"Have you ever tried playing with a spoiled brat like that?" I demanded.

"Of course he's spoiled but can't you see it's such a little thing. Just tell yourself that it's nothing—absolutely nothing."

"You don't have any idea what it's like," I cried. I remembered the fight we'd had and I didn't see how I could go back. "You wouldn't want me to either if you knew how he talked to me," I said.

She came over and sat beside me on the cover. "I didn't know how hard it was for you," she said. She rolled the stockings into a little ball and put them down. "I'll tell Mrs. Baugh tomorrow—"

"Then—I don't have to go back?"

"Why, no, Steve." Her voice was as calm as if we were discussing somebody at school. To be generous in a moment like that when she needed the eight dollars was something I'll never forget about her. When she saw how relieved I was, she tousled my hair like she used to do years before when that was all she had to do. And yet while she was doing it I decided I would go back. It was all I could do. . . .

After that night the job never seemed as bad as before. Ricky would get tired of chess and we'd play ping-pong in his basement and then we'd go out for some catch and then come back to chess; he was always restless, going from one thing to another, and my satisfaction—if I could call it that—was knowing that he'd be this way as long as he lived, and in the meantime his money was helping to keep my father with us.

I wish I could say that it all paid off, but even if Ricky had stood on a telephone pole and shouted to all the gang that I was his obedient slave it wouldn't have saved my father. He died early one cold February morning just before daybreak. My mother had given him a hypo but it didn't do any good.

We couldn't believe that it happened that fast, not even when Dr. Freedman put away his stethoscope and closed the bedroom door, as if he wanted to keep us from seeing my father on the bed.

"Where is the phone?" the doctor asked. "I must make a call." And as I heard his voice, an uncontrollable feeling inside me leaped out, like a Roman candle going off in my hand, and I could see the Hulsey lot and the long afternoons of freedom,

when I could play with the boys and beat them on their own terms, and though I was ashamed of the vision I could not keep it repressed.

My mother, who was standing in the hall with us, pointed to the phone table. She had been up the whole night and must have been very tired. She seemed to listen as Dr. Freedman made his call, but when I glanced at her I saw there was nothing on her face—no tears, no expression, nothing that I had expected to see there, just a few drops of perspiration which she hadn't bothered to wipe away, and somehow the idea came to me that she was thinking that my father had gone without understanding how much of her spirit had been taken out of her each time she jabbed him with the needle. She would never have to go through that horrible chore again. Perhaps she wasn't thinking of that at all; perhaps she was simply too tired to think about anything. She was just standing there listening to what the doctor was saying. But this I knew: I looked at her face and I wasn't ashamed of what just a few minutes before had been running through my own mind.

# Rocky Mountain ghosts

ROBERT LEE COOK

It may be that one must be in a properly receptive frame of mind in order to see, feel, or sense a ghost. Perhaps one must *believe*, or at least be free of skepticism; for I have been told that ghosts are sensitive, possibly through the use of ESP or through some ability to analyze a living being's metabolism, and can distinguish between friendly receptivity and frankly hostile curiosity. Ghosts seem to depend for existence upon a desire to believe on the part of the witness.

This is different from a desire to *see* a ghost. Throughout a ten-year period in which I have collected ghost stories and legends, I have fervently desired to see a ghost, real or fancied; but being cursed with an unhedging skepticism and inability (or unwillingness) to believe, I seem for ten years to have been undeserving of any ghost's attention, or else I haven't been tuned in on the proper wave length. I have sat late at night in abandoned houses, mine tunnels, and railroad rights of way; prowled old footpaths, graveyards and attics; sought ghosts in such unlikely places as a supermarket, a filling-station, and a dark corner of the Colorado Springs Public Library; looked in vain for the veiled women who are supposed to appear regularly at a dozen or more old mines around the state; and caught cold sitting beneath Thunder Rock, near Turkey Creek, waiting for the old Indian's ghost to drop pebbles on me. To date, and I'm always hopeful that tomorrow will bring a change of luck, I've seen, heard, or felt nothing supernatural.

It may be that I lack second sight, or even a healthy first sight. It may be that I have attributed supernatural happenings to natural causes, the price of skepticism. Or perhaps the truth lies in something an old man told me shortly before his death in 1947. Ted Stillman was a long-time resident of Cripple Creek, and when I met him he was living in an old house beside the Midland Railroad tracks in Colorado City. Yes, he'd heard about the ghost in the first tunnel going up Ute Pass. Yes, he'd known men—

sober, honest, God-fearing men—who had seen the ghost. No, he'd never seen the ghost, never taken time to look, because he didn't believe in them.

"Thing about a ghost is, far as I can tell, if you believe in it, it *is*. If you don't, it *ain't*."

In fiction it is usually the skeptic who sees the ghost, quite often some professional ghost-chaser who sets out to disprove a ghost and ends up a raving maniac, dead of terror, or a chastened man with snow-white hair and an abrupt change of vocation. This doesn't seem to be the case in real life. Though the literature on purportedly "non-fiction" ghosts is enormous, including testimonies of many died-in-the-wool skeptics who discovered the error of their skepticism after an actual experience, I've nearly concluded that each such case involved a person who secretly or unconsciously wanted to believe or feared not to believe. Most people who admit to having seen a ghost quite unabashedly admit a belief in the supernatural in general, carry good luck pieces or charms, or are superstitious about such things as walking under ladders, dodging a black cat, or blessing anyone who sneezes. They will tell of Grandad's watch, which stopped on the instant he died and would never run again (it was a grandfather clock in a recent song-hit). Or they will tell of Great-aunt Tillie's pincushion from which no pin could be removed after she set down her sewing for the last time. Or they'll whisper about the Swiss music-box that hadn't worked for years but suddenly played a ghostly waltz, *although there was no cylinder in it,* when that pretty little Austrian lady died of consumption in Georgetown, that hot August day of 1911.

They'll have dozens of such tales to bring forth in support of their own experiences, ranging all the way from a cousin who didn't really believe that a rattlesnake rattle affixed to the hatband would ward off headaches but found that it did to the story of a little girl who froze to death near Jimmy Camp Hill and whose ghost can be heard crying piteously for help on wintry nights. Rarely has the teller encountered any of these ghosts or manifestations; but he has it on good authority, and he certainly has his own personal experience to clinch his arguments. This personal experience, told in the gravest of tones, is usually an anticlimax to the second-hand stories. The most interesting things

seem always to have happened to someone else, while the personal experience was really a rather modest, dull affair.

The morality of ghosts seems to depend to some extent upon the moral state of their witnesses or reporters. A pious old lady reports either pious or extremely unpious ghosts. An old alcoholic usually reports a drunken apparition. A miner has usually encountered a ghost miner, and a railroader knows only of the phantom engineer on Dead Man's Hill, the one who disregarded a red signal block and ran full tilt into the loose rail. But ghosts often illustrate some moral lesson. The pious old lady may tell of the wraith of "an evil painted woman, a dancehall girl, who's doomed to spend eternity seeking real love in the place where her love was too often false!" The alcoholic may tell with gusto how Black John went on the wagon and died so thirsty he's been hunting a drink ever since. And some miner will inevitably come up with something like: "If he hadn't of been so damn careless with black powder, that never would of happened."

But ghosts seem to have certain sensibilities, or ethics, of their own. Despite the fact that the old-fashioned chamber-pot was the subject of many jokes, no one has ever reported hearing of a chamber-pot which was haunted. And the same is true of that old western institution, the privy (although an old spiritualist near Rush, Colorado, believed that George Washington *et al.* would contact him in no other place). While the painted ladies and the evil men of the mine-camps may have led wild lives, their ghosts are usually quite respectable.

A choice exception to this is the story of a man who lived in Buckskin Joe. He loved the ladies dearly, any or all of them, and after death his old bones just wouldn't stay buried, but kept digging their way above-ground and beating a path to the abodes of women (always young and always beautiful, according to the tale). No stone was heavy enough to hold down the scandalous old bones, and finally they were secretly hauled off and dumped at the outskirts of Leadville, where—curiously—nothing more was ever heard of them.

Has anyone ever heard of a ghost that hid in a suit of long-handled underwear or in a pair of voluminous bloomers that were drying on a line? An animated union-suit certainly should appeal to the sense of humor of many of the departed old-timers,

but their ghostly minds don't seem to run that way. And if a young man, dead of a broken heart, wanted to make his lady fair pay for her scorn, what better way to haunt her than by appearing in her washbowl or bathtub just as she was about to bathe? The only reported haunted bathtub seems to be the one in which President U. S. Grant met a lathered stranger while visiting Central City, and that old story is highly suspect. Ghostly pranks are more decorous, involving such elementary acts as substituting sand for a man's snuff, turning his wine to vinegar, or igniting the matches in his overall pocket. Most often the ghosts do nothing; they merely happen to be seen by some goggle-eyed mortal. An occasional poltergeist may hit someone on the head with a teacup or piece of granite, but the ghosts generally have little or no intention of communicating with the living. The living witness just happens to be there at the propitious moment.

One of the more interesting mine stories in my collection involves an abandoned tunnel in the Silverton area. The story goes that a miner, working alone by the light of a single candle, drove his pick into a charge of explosives, destroying himself and a whole section of tunnel. You can hear him still, it is said, driving his pick into the rock (a drill would have been more practicable), a measured *clink-clink-clink*. And those brave enough to crawl back through the rubble may sometimes see his ghost, dimly lit by a single ghostly candle, wearing a look of utmost agony.

Well, it's true that a person can hear him, or could as recently as 1950. I distinctly heard, and so did four others who were with me, a measured *clink-clink-clink* somewhere in the darkness of the old hole, although it was more a *plunk-plunk-plunk*. It sounded suspiciously like dripping water, and we found this to be the case. Seepage was dripping on a piece of rusty sheet-metal. As to the apparition, we decided that witnesses had either succumbed to the heebie-jeebies or else not wanted to disillusion those with sense enough to keep out of rotten old tunnels, for we saw no candle, no look of agony, and could find no indication that an explosion had ruined the end of the tunnel. It ended in a blank facing of hard rock in which drill-marks were still visible.

If one collects enough ghost stories and then studies them, he'll quickly suspect many of them of being spurious or borrowed. In Gunnison I once heard a story which proved to have been lifted,

even to the name of the principal character, from a novel by Harold Bell Wright. Watches were stopping on European deathbeds long before the Great West had even been discovered, and the veiled women who mourn their dead husbands at the abandoned mines were reported to be doing the same thing in Wales as far back as the 1700's. The agonized miner who didn't materialize for us is but a step away from the headless English noblemen seen on galleries of old family castles, and seems less than a step from the agile mind of someone who had read the story somewhere or else concocted it on the spot.

If not suspect, then the stories seem conservatively traditional. Our Colorado ghosts have done nothing that European ghosts have not been doing for centuries. Ghostly conduct seems to be based on a static set of manners which may have appeared with Pliny or even earlier. The dead Indian who flings pebbles from Thunder Rock was a dead Swede dropping boulders on the Danes a few hundred years ago, and was believed to be an old Persian ghost during the days of Tamerlane. If a phantom locomotive is reported on the old Shortline Railroad (now the Corley Mountain Highway), we should recall the phantom stagecoaches reported in England last century, the Flying Dutchman's ship at sea, and the ghostly stage of the old Boston Post Road. A century from now people may report having seen a ghostly automobile on the old Pennsylvania Turnpike or the Boulder-Denver Toll Road. And when someone talks about the whistles of ghost-trains sometimes heard on the old Georgetown Loop, the listener should recall identical tales about most of the abandoned railroads in the country, as well as old European reports of people who had heard the horns of Charlemagne or Roland, the sound of old French 75's at Verdun, or more recently, the sounds of D-Day just off Normandy.

Missing from haunted premises in Colorado, as well as from those in other countries if we accept the evidence, are such traditionally ghost-fiction trappings as an icy chill to the air, shifting globes of light, or an unseasonal and ungeographic scent of mimosa. True, there are ghostly footsteps in the attics of dozens of Colorado houses or ruins, and in a house in Pueblo it was said to be possible to hear the creaking of the old bed upstairs as Grandpa's ghost rolled over. There have been rappings on Col-

orado walls, and on walls the world over; and Colorado seems to have its share of such old European phenomena as doors that will not stay closed, chimneys that will not draw, or bedroom walls that are never dry. No one has reported finding a bit of seaweed among some wet footprints in an old Colorado house, but an old man in Morgan County swore that fresh sweetpeas appeared in his dead wife's bedroom one cold February night. And there have been reports of distinctive odors which came and went without apparent cause, even a reminiscent whiff of pony-tail burley twist tobacco such as no one had smoked in the old Keaton house near Fountain since about 1885.

Given the proper buildup, placed in sufficiently eerie surroundings, and gifted with a normal imagination, most people should have no trouble seeing many things or hearing them. If one is told in the proper words and while in the proper conditions that the ghost of Will Pett may be heard rummaging around through the rusty mine-tools in a nearby shed or storeroom, it is amazing how human a noise a packrat can make. And after several hours of ghost stories around the same or another open fire, a creaking timber can sound like a whole legion of the damned come to drive outsiders from the premises. Panic comes easily when someone walks into the old barn in which you are ghost-hunting at three o'clock some morning; and the panic as easily disappears when the shuffling, hesitant, spine-chilling footsteps turn out to be those of your host, come to tell you that you're wasting your time and that there's hot coffee on the stove.

The best stories in my collection, and this is probably true in other areas of folklore, are those whose origins seem most suspect. In Medicine Bow, Wyoming, I picked up a tale about a phantom cowboy who was believed to be riding the range in search of the bushwhackers who had shot him down one night. A year or so later, while talking with an old cowboy in Colorado Springs, I mentioned this story and he was quite taken with it, so much so that I had to repeat it several times. Sometime later I received a letter from a woman in Colorado Springs inquiring about the ghost of Dead Man's Canyon and including a story she had picked up from an old retired cowboy. He told her about a cowhand near Truckton, Colorado, who had been shot in the back one night and whose ghost may still be seen out on the plains, tracking his

murderers. The retired cowhand and the story, complete even to the color of the ghostly horse and the tooling of the ghostly saddle, were the same I'd already met, and I've since wondered who told the man in Medicine Bow.

A genial man in Leadville once told me a story which sounded rather familiar and had a very professional, completed plot to it. I later discovered why it seemed familiar and why it was so polished. It had been lifted, almost to the last detail, from a back issue of *Weird Tales,* a magazine of fantasy-fiction. But ghost stories and ballads seem to follow the same pattern, traveling from mouth to mouth and place to place, perhaps from place to book and back again. There is much in ghostly fiction which has never appeared in the less imaginative body of ghostly folklore, and lately there seems to be little in folklore (at least in the most recent stories I've encountered) that does not ring of some piece of fiction or of some "fact" experience reported in the *Reader's Digest* or *Fate.*

It is always difficult to decide whether the story an old man is telling is genuinely traditional or merely made up on the spur of the moment. So many people have been interviewing so many other people in recent years, about folklore or ballads or history, that some old-timers have become artists at spinning yarns extempore. Granted any sort of receptive listener, they'll spin stories almost faster than they can make them up. And it is amazing how many tales can be traced to the drivers of sight-seeing buses, particularly in the Pikes Peak region.

Tourists ask unbelievably diverse questions about any and all things, and it is traditionally a sad driver indeed who cannot find an answer for all of them. Every sort of wildflower from gentian to yucca blossoms has at one time or another been identified as a "Rocky Mountain geranium." I once heard a tour-driver tell a curious old lady that a meadow lark was a Rocky Mountain canary. I am certain that at least one of our legends was begun by a driver who was doing some impressive yarning while driving tourists through Phantom Canyon. The place was so named, he said, because of the ghosts of a whole stagecoach full of people who were wiped out to the last scalp by a band of savage Utes. When? Oh, he thought about 1812 or so. A variation of this story later appeared in a small brochure put out by one of the tour com-

panies, and even later was told as gospel by an old man who made a fair summertime living posing for snapshots, dressed as Buffalo Bill, and telling the tourists tales of the "real old West." And I heard it yet again, a whole war later, from a high school teacher who collects ghost stories.

Certain Colorado Chambers of Commerce have also contributed much to the multitude of ghost legends. An innocent old building in Colorado City was made the scene of a frightening and completely mythical Indian massacre, this for the sake of atmosphere during an Old West celebration. The story later appeared in a promotional booklet, which, however lightly it may have been intended, circulated widely and was gradually assimilated into the body of often told legends.

Every folklorist, whatever his field of interest, must surely encounter this problem of authenticity early in his career. Certainly much western history is based on myth, and many myths on actual historical events. Well-known ghosts are usually reported immediately after or in connection with some actual historical event; for example, the veiled women usually are said to have appeared shortly after the accidents which killed miners; the ghost of Helen Hunt Jackson appeared at Inspiration Point near Colorado Springs at a proper interval after her demise; the phantom locomotive was heard at Georgetown a short time after the "Loop" was abandoned, and only four months after the Midland Railroad stopped operating between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek, a ghost whistle was heard in Manitou Springs.

If an occurrence or accident has been properly horrible, gory, or dramatic, then some people seem to expect (or want to expect) that ghosts should come of it. What more dramatic way, short of composing a ballad, to preserve the story of an actual event than by tacking a ghost to it, placing a "haunt" at a grade-crossing because a brakeman was killed there, recognizing on some foggy night the ghosts of the nuns moving about the ruins of the old convent at Central City, or seeing in Missouri Gulch the wraiths of Chinese coolies who died in the fire.

Too, there are the cautionary tales such as that told me by an old man the day he saw me preparing to clamber down the sides of Central City's Glory Hole to find ore specimens. He warned me in a whisper that two men fell into the pits one day, and that

to this day their hoarse voices may be heard warning all would-be climbers to "Go back! Go back!" I've never heard them in any part of the Glory Hole, nor have I been able to authenticate such an accident, but the old man was clearly upset by the possibility that I might fall.

When I was small, we lived near a large area of woods through which passed a mile or so of streetcar track of the old Colorado Springs transit system. My grandmother, perhaps in the hope of frightening me away from the cars, told a grisly tale about a little boy who had been run over and cut in two in that very area. This in itself made little impression on me, but her elaboration about the mutilated little ghost which appeared on the tracks to warn people impressed me so deeply that time and again I had to be dragged away from the tracks, so eager was I to see this curious ghost. Subsequent investigation failed to turn up any record of any such accident, as was the case with the ghost in the lake in that same neighborhood.

Once a woman had drowned there, my grandmother told me, and the woman's ghost still hovers just off-shore, waiting to snatch misbehaving little boys to a watery doom. Well, if a woman drowned there after the lake was constructed in 1922, no one saw fit to report it to the local paper. The lake contained a few perch, the usual suckers, pollywogs, and waterdogs, but no beckoning, slightly waterlogged woman.

One type of story which never fails to impress even skeptical listeners is the sort of experience once described to me by a man who claimed to have been warned about an impending avalanche by an unidentified figure in the darkness. The man ran from the old cabin in which he had been sleeping just in time to avoid being buried by tons of rock and snow. The punch-line to this particular version of a very common story was that he had described the figure (seen in "pitch blackness") to a woman in a nearby town, and she had immediately identified the samaritan as a miner who had been killed by an avalanche on that very spot some thirty years before. Such stories can rarely be identified with any specific locale, for they are usually reported second-hand and the nearby towns and identifying agents are most often nameless.

I once chatted with a professional folklorist who insisted that

there be a source for every tale, implying that something without a specific source cannot be considered folklore. We were discussing the haunted silo near Simla, Colorado, and I'd had to admit that I didn't know the name of the old man who had told me about it and certainly didn't know who had told him. Whether there was any factual basis for the beginning of the legend about that particular silo was something which I had never taken the time to investigate.

The story is common in one form or another to almost any region where silos stand about the countryside. A little boy's pet pigeon flew over the silo one day, succumbed to the gas being generated, and fell inside. The boy, heart-broken, climbed the tall ladder, leaned over the top, took a deep breath, and toppled in on top of the bird. The boy's mother, having witnessed the whole affair thus far, clambered up the ladder, presumably leaned over to scream, and fell in on top of the boy. To this day the story goes, anyone venturing near the silo (unused for many years) will be warned away by the cries of a woman and a small boy, the pigeon apparently keeping its beak shut.

The source for this, if source there must be, probably lay in the heart of some kindly old grandmother who told a cautionary ghost-story to her adventuresome grandson; or someone may have concocted the whole thing to dramatize some rather dull affair which once took place at someone's silo. A version which I am inclined to accept as more nearly authentic folklore is that which tells about a silo which is haunted by a ghost, who or why being unknown and untold. There is merely a ghost there, and the listener can draw his own conclusions.

This is similar to the tall tale about the three little boys, brothers, and the threshing machine. The first got caught in the conveyor and was dragged relentlessly toward the clanking "works." The second reached for the first, and was also caught. The third reached for the second, and all three little boys were dragged into the maw of the machine which then "thrashed hell out of the poor little devils!" I first heard this in the old Stillwagon store at Rush, Colorado. My grandfather was in the audience, and a more skeptical and unsuperstitious person I've never known, but he swore as fervently as the others when the story was finished. The story, or variations on it, crops up every now and then, but no one ever

seems to know for certain just where the unhappy event took place or to whom.

Perhaps the vague ghost of the silo is the proper basis for judging ghost legends, for the stories which are complete with beginning and end are the ones most easily proven to be synthetic. The story which begins nowhere and ends nowhere, is merely all middle—that's the story I'll perk my ears up at and sit up half a night to investigate; and such stories, unfortunately, are few. I distrust any story for which there is a definite source, recalling all too well how many of my sources have been truly that, making up details faster than I could write them down.

So far as ghosts are concerned, I'm inclined to agree with Ted Stillman's rule: "If you believe in it, it *is*. If you don't, it *ain't*." And this seems a good rule to apply to the question of whether a ghost legend *is* or *ain't* folklore. In this age of synthetic "Ghost Riders" and "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," the synthetic ghost is very common. A story as old as that of the ghost of Aguilar is offset by a dozen stories which have originated after accidents within the last year. A mention of the phantom mountain lion seen in the Dismal Forest on the slopes of Pikes Peak will set everyone in the room to recalling or making up similar stories. One evening, recounting the completely fictional story about the famous battle between Sergeant John T. O'Keefe and pack rats on the summit of Pikes Peak, which is used as justification for the strictly ersatz Chamber of Commerce gimmick, the wooden grave-marker which was still there a few years ago, I was solemnly assured by a member of the group that she had actually seen the ghost of the sergeant's unfortunate baby daughter, who was devoured by these beasts. And another time I asked a group if anyone present had ever heard of the ghost of Bishop's Point. Two people assured me that they had, although there is, so far as I know, no piece of rock in Colorado which is called Bishop's Point, haunted or unhaunted.

It may be that this is just how ghost legends get started. At any rate, I have yet to see a ghost, although I'm always hopeful.

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*Review of Literature, American Mercury, New Republic, Poetry, New York Times, Ladies Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Yale Review,* and *Antioch Review.*

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